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Events of the Week.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE opened the land campaign on Saturday at Bedford. His speech—in which he will be followed by other members of the Cabinet—was mainly a clear, simple exposition of the land question, followed by a suggestion of remedies, taken from a document obviously drawn up at the informal Arran Cabinet. The speech was moderate and even mild in tone, but its substance is a plea for an entire change of system. Mr. George's guiding phrase was his treatment of the evils of a "land monopoly" which it must be the intention of the Government to break down, or greatly to modify. This process would precede any general scheme of purchase, such as Lord Lansdowne suggests. When the State steps in as a purchaser or a holder for others, it will do so on a fair business footing, and after a regulation of the rent question and of the whole rural economy.

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MR. GEORGE summed up the wants of the laborer as a living wage, a comfortable home, and enough land to secure him from unqualified reliance on day labor. He denounced the familiar evils of rural housing; sketched lightly and graphically the mean and futureless lot of the laborer, his long hours and the absence of holidays,

and the growth of the sporting interest. His suggestion of remedies consisted in the main of a pledge to secure (1) for the laborer, a real living wage, shorter hours, and decent housing, with gardens and allotments; (2) for the farmer, protection against capricious eviction or increase in rent, or the destruction of his crops by game, State aid in transport and in education, and a change in the rating system so far as it discourages improvements. Finally, Mr. George promised wider facilities for the State acquisition of land for immediate or future use on terms fair to the community and the owner.

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THE Chancellor finished with a picture of the kind of home and country-side that the British workman ought to enjoy, and with a quotation from the beautiful Psalm which he had heard read on the previous Sunday at Arran. He hinted at a settlement by consent. But the speech was in essence an attack on the present system of ownership. This points, of course, to a Land Court, or a Land Commission, as to which the Cabinet is not likely to be in serious disagreement. If it is conceded, the policy of a minimum wage is likely also to pass, for the one proposal pivots on the other.

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MR. REDMOND spoke on Sunday at Limerick, and the Opposition press are inclined to think that he vetoes Mr. Churchill's hint of a temporary exclusion of Protestant Ulster from the Dublin Parliament. Mr. Redmond's language, however, by no means bars a deal with Ulster. He insisted that the Irish Parliament would be not only elected but in existence before a General Election in Great Britain, and laughed at Sir Edward Carson's 100,000 men. But he repeated his earlier declaration that there were "no limits of concession, short of the betrayal of Home Rule," to which he would not agree. Only, the exclusion of a "portion of Ulster" as the basis of a party agreement in Britain was "a totally impracticable, unworkable one," which had no friends in Ireland. Nationalism would never help to create a "sharp dividing line between Irish Protestants and Irish Catholics." In its view the two nations theory was "an abomination and a blasphemy."

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MR. REDMOND's tone is firm, but his speech does not necessarily immobilise the Government. The case as between him and Mr. Churchill stands somewhat thus: Ireland is essentially one. But if it be possible to gain a free consent of North-East Ulster to that proposition, it might be worth Mr. Redmond's while to see four-fifths of Ireland united at one stroke, and the other fifth coming in a little later. Meanwhile, three Cabinet Councils have been held, but it is obvious that the Irish question could only have been lightly and discursively touched. Mr. Churchill's speech was not a Cabinet deliverance, though it does not follow that the Cabinet disapproves it. But events must move with some deliberation. In particular, the Unionist Party must make up its mind what it will ask of the Government, and what it will accept. Judging from an article in its

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issue of Tuesday, the "Times" suggests a solution through a measure emphasizing the "unitary" control of Parliament. In this way, says the "Times," Ulster might get the security she demands, while Ireland obtains "a measure of self-government as broad as that enjoyed by any Canadian or South African province." This is practically a Home Rule declaration, the first, we imagine, that has ever appeared in the "Times." The suggestion it conveys might quite possibly be the re-casting of the whole framework of the Home Rule Bill on federal lines. That is not practical politics. But it is not impossible to predicate a later agreement on a federal system.

* * *

IT has been a week of catastrophes. The least of them was a shocking railway accident near Liverpool—the fifth within the last few weeks—in which one train pulled up at St. James's Station was run into by another timed five minutes later. In this respect the Liverpool disaster resembles that at Aisgill, though the loss of life is smaller, six people having been killed and between twenty and thirty injured. The second horror—on a more tragic scale, and with more fearful accessories of time and place—was the burning of the British emigrant steamer, "Volturno," in the Atlantic on October 9th and 10th. In this event 136 passengers out of 635 souls whom she carried, mostly in the steerage, were burned alive, or blown to pieces, or drowned.

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THE fire broke out in one of the holds and blazed all through the day and succeeding night. The watch below were imprisoned and burned, and more than one boat capsized in the stormy sea. The rescue was effected by a wonderful use of the Marconi system, which summoned to the "Volturno's" aid a small fleet of vessels led by the great liner "Carmania," whose captain practically commanded the difficult work of rescue. An oil ship was called for, and when the waves calmed down and the wind fell a little, the greater part of the crew and passengers were rescued. Captain Inch, of the "Volturno," after a splendid fight against fire, water, and a mob of panic-stricken folk, was, as usual, the last to leave. There is to be a Board of Trade inquiry as to the provision of fire-extinguishing appliances.

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BOTH these calamities were almost dwarfed by the explosion in a great colliery at Senghenydd, near Cardiff, on Tuesday. Here, out of a staff of over 900 men, between 400 and 500 seem to have perished. The actual record is that 18 have been saved, and 50 bodies recovered, while over 370 are left in the workings. In the Lancaster section of this fiery mine, the explosion and the following fire destroyed the approaches and airways, and with them the hope of effective rescue. The flames rage on, and defy the bravest attempts at a rescue, while the women weep and wait at the pit mouth. All that remains is to discover and bury and mourn over these hapless men. The bad character of the mine was shown by the explosion in 1901, when eighty people perished. The question of fiery dust has been explored over and over again, and yet no remedy appears. Royalty, in the midst of its rejoicings at the marriage of Prince Arthur of Connaught with the Duchess of Fife, did a specially graceful act. The young married pair sent a message to the people of Senghenydd, saying—"In the moment of our great happiness our thoughts turn to you," and the King ordered that the receipts from the show of wedding presents should go to the relief funds, to which he has contributed £500.

NEITHER Greeks nor Turks allow us to forget, while their representatives are negotiating at Athens, that a third Balkan war is a possibility. King Constantine has gone to Salonica, whither the transports have been hurrying the hastily mobilized reservists, and has there made a decidedly militant speech to his officers. The Turks, on their side, have partially closed the Dardanelles, save for three hours daily, a step which recalls their precautions during the Italian War. But it is probable that both sides are taking these inconvenient and dramatic measures rather to reinforce their diplomacy than with any serious thought of war. Indeed, the process of compromising the minor points in dispute proceeds swiftly and smoothly.

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BUT it is not the problems of nationality and the church lands which could make a war. The real risk comes from the question of the islands, which will not be "officially" raised at Athens. No Greek Government could surrender Chios and Mytilene, and the Young Turks are equally loathe to cede them. The controversy is not eased by the suspicion that Italy has made some bargain with Turkey over Rhodes and the Southern islands behind the backs of the Powers. The Concert will, we hope, stick to its decision to dispose of the islands itself, and by the principle of nationality which it has professed, they ought without exception to fall to Greece. Turkey can fairly ask for nothing more than a guarantee that the nearer islands shall not be fortified.

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THE Mexican crisis is once more both dangerous and interesting. The Mexican Chamber, alarmed by the frequent disappearance of deputies and senators who had ventured to criticize General Huerta, passed a resolution of remonstrance, and decided, if his abuses of power continued, to transfer itself elsewhere. He replied on Saturday by a Cromwellian stroke. Not only did he dissolve the Chamber, but he arrested 110 deputies within the House itself, and drove them straight away to prison. One fears that a despot who did not scruple to murder Señor Madero and his family may not hesitate to lessen the number of Mexican ex-deputies. He is further expected to break his promise to the United States, and to arrange for his own election as President. His forces have meanwhile sustained a crushing defeat, and have abandoned Torreon, a junction town which is the key to the North. The rebels now hold fully half the area of Mexico. Behind the personal struggles which agitate the capital, is the really significant human fact that this rebellion, the continuation of the Maderist movement, is based on the revolt of the peasantry against a system of serfdom and exploitation on the great estates, which differs from slavery only in name.

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PRESIDENT WILSON replied promptly to General Huerta's outbreak. He warned him at once that he would be held personally responsible for the lives of the deputies whom he has arrested. He then intimated that elections held under present conditions would manifestly be a mockery, and added that a President so chosen would not be recognized by the States. He has finally charged General Huerta with "a breach of faith" towards the United States. We are glad to learn that there is a prospect that other Powers, including Great Britain, France, and Germany, may associate themselves with the American attitude. Whatever troubles are in store for Mexico, the civilized world would lower its flag by giving any countenance, however

formal, to a murderous despot who is reproducing the worst excesses of Diaz without his omnipotence. There is no desire in the States for armed intervention, but President Wilson understands the value of moral pressure. Germany has led the way in sending two gunboats to Mexican waters, and other Powers will probably follow her example.

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At nine o'clock on Friday morning President Wilson pressed a button at the White House, and released an electric current which exploded the last charge of dynamite on the Panama Canal. With the blowing up of the Gamboa Dyke, the great waterway is cut which links two oceans. It remains, indeed, to clear away one of the most formidable of those landslides which have delayed the superb work of the American engineers, but if this should prove to be the last revolt of Nature, the Canal may be ready for use next January, a year before the estimated time. This gigantic feat must revolutionize the conditions of American trade, and though it brings Asia and Australia no nearer to our own shores, it is no small gain that it ends the relative isolation of the Pacific Republics, and shortens the journey to San Francisco by twenty days. The "Times" adds to this news an auspicious forecast. President Wilson is resolved to invite Congress to repeal the clause in the Panama Act to which this country had taken exception, and to abandon the policy of relieving American commerce of the tolls. It is worthy of the President's reputation that he should spontaneously make this act of reparation, and concede a just claim of his own motion without awaiting the process of arbitration.

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THE defeat of the Canadian Liberals by the narrow majority of 144 in a hotly contested by-election in the Chateaugay district of the Quebec province, makes a serious crisis for Sir Wilfrid Laurier's party. He had staked his own prestige on the result by speaking in Chateaugay on the eve of the poll. The burden of a very vigorous and plain-spoken speech was a complaint that Mr. Borden is so bent on saving the Empire that he neglects Canadian affairs, and an argument that the Empire is in no danger, and needs no one's assistance. How far the electors voted on the merits of the naval question may be doubted. It is more likely that they resented the action of a nominated Senate in rejecting the Bill which the Elected House had passed by a sufficient majority. By calling in the Senate's aid, the Canadian Liberals adopted a doubtful expedient. Rumor talks of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's retirement from politics, but one by-election settles nothing. The outlook will be easier to read when the result of the coming by-elections in Ontario is known.

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AFTER a delay of two years, the Jew, Mendel Beiliss, is standing his trial at Kiev for the murder of the boy Yushinsky. The indictment plainly defines the crime as a ritual murder. There is nothing against him, save that he had sometimes been seen to drive this boy and others who played with him away from the brick-yard where he worked. Such evidence as there seemed to be to connect him with the crime was manifestly concocted by the police, whose witnesses have broken down in court, and in two instances have confessed that they were coached. So patently feeble is the Government's case, that a reactionary and violently Anti-Semitic newspaper, the "Kievanin," has denounced the prosecution, and

protested against the exploitation of an innocent man for party ends. It was, of course, suppressed. Nothing now remains of the case, save the evidence of clerical "experts," who depose that they have always been taught to believe that Jews do murder Christian children at the Passover. Russian justice is on its trial, and Russian Jews await in painful suspense a verdict which may unleash a series of pogroms.

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THE "Times" of Wednesday contains an extremely powerful indictment of what it calls the "Dreadnought policy," which must, we think, cause the Admiralty to pause, as well as the nation to think what fraction of gain remains to it from the stupendous advance in naval expenditure for which this development is responsible. The conclusions of the correspondent, who represents, of course, a powerful if not a prevailing school in naval thought, are sweeping. The policy of the Dreadnought and Invincible types, he says, was based on a "political forecast which has been disastrously falsified." "Instead of humanity being staggered, as was expected, the result has been to give a powerful stimulus to foreign competition, and at the same time to depreciate our own fleet in our own eyes, with the necessary consequence of heavily inflated public expenditure." What an utterly damning indictment! The writer proceeds to condemn nearly all the special features of the Dreadnought type, and to say flatly of the Invincible and its succeeding monsters (the armed cruiser variety) that no reason can be found for them other than "megalomania." The correspondent concludes that we are drifting on to battleships of 40,000 tons, costing four millions apiece.

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HERE, we hope that the "Times" correspondent is mistaken. It is, we think, much more likely that we have reached the maximum development in size, and that, in view of the advance of the submarine, we shall swing back to smaller and less costly units. If that be so, it is a terrible commentary on the naval policy of the last five years. The "Times" correspondent calls for a Committee on Naval Design, a very sensible suggestion. But what of the politics of the Dreadnought period? Within it we have started a race in which not one competitor could really gain more than an inch or two, and in which the nation which began with the longest handicap was bound to lose most. Hundreds of millions have thus been thrown away. They are lost for ever; but what of the crop of tares that were flung round Europe and the world with them?

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DEAN INGE made on Wednesday a very trenchant attack on our system, or no system, of education, declaring that "liberal education," so far as it existed at all, was confined to "privileged or sheltered classes." Further, it was spoiled by the "worldly interest and ambition" of teachers, and "poisoned" by the system of examinations, which loaded young and fresh memories with barren facts. Worst of all was our engrained contempt for the intellectual life, the incapacity of most Englishmen to understand how anyone's mind could be his kingdom. The conception of a disinterested intellectual life was quite beyond us, and this want of true culture was at the root of the vulgarity and the weak, distracted idealism of our public life. It was said that Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton; might it not be said that Colenso had been lost on them? This is straight talk from our gloomy Dean.

Politics and Affairs.

LIBERAL AND TORY LAND POLICY.

THOSE Conservative critics who find Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Bedford "vague," "moderate," or even "dull," will do well to ask themselves what its author meant by it. "Moderation" is so often mere gentlemanly slang for a statement stripped bare of force, feeling, and pertinence, that we shall take it that neither the Chancellor nor the Cabinet will be complimented by that kind of description of it. But if there is substantial matter of agreement between the two parties as to a radical treatment of the land question, the Bedford speech is not so framed as to discourage it. Obviously there are some features of the Unionist programme—such as its assent to the principle of a minimum wage for agricultural labor and the proposal to provide common pasture—which are also appropriate to the Liberal scheme. Nor is the Bedford speech a mere exercise in landlord baiting. It is an indictment of the system of holding land in large estates, and of dividing the product among landlords, occupying farmers, and a landless laboring class. There are good and bad men in all classes, holding all kinds of opinions, which may or may not affect their conduct. And, as a matter of fact, the testimony of all sides—notably of the Land Inquiry Committee—establishes the fact that amid the vain expense and unreflecting selfishness of much modern wealth, the English landlords present some shining examples of knowledge and thrifty care in the management of their possessions and of the men and women who maintain them. Indeed, when the State comes in to protect the weak, or to build up a higher form of human economy, it usually works under the formula of the "model landlord," or the "model employer." There are many villages in England where wages are tolerable and housing fairly good. There are many landlords who freely concede security of tenure, do not over-preserve, do not encourage sporting tenants, and, if damage is done by game, allow for it in the rent, or give adequate compensation. Such men live honorable lives themselves and enable others to live them.

But if we are asked to go one step further and say, as Lord Lansdowne has said in effect, that the moral of the trouble in British agriculture is a fortification of the principle of ownership, we draw back. Here Mr. George's speech brings us at once to the point of conflict between Liberal and Tory ideas of land reform. What Liberalism is "out for" is a quite clear and definite proposition. Agriculture is to be made a business which will not only pay, but will rear the kind of peasant we always sing about and very rarely see, and will right the great wrong and folly that changed the English laborer from a man who held land, or possessed common rights in land, to a landless worker, wretchedly paid, badly housed, and unable to take his share of the general rise in the standard of living. About forty years ago the wages of agricultural labor reached their highest levels. Since then a Suffolk laborer's wages have fallen threepence a week; in none of the districts mapped out in Mr. Prothero's table of wages

have they risen by so much as a shilling. Liberals generally take these facts as signs that the land will not support the three classes who have hitherto lived on it, and that one must go. The English and Scottish landlord has chosen to attach to the plain business of growing food and rearing stock a mass of pleasures and privileges, with a little poetry and paternalism, and a great deal of sheer suppression of human individuality, and a lavish waste of natural fertility, thrown in. All that is dead or dying. The sporting side of country life has become a gross waste and abuse. It has largely passed into the hands of rich townsfolk, who lightly come and go, leaving behind them the crumbs of their week-end revels, and the tips they scatter among their valets and beaters. The paternal theory of landlordism is dead, and cannot be revived. We are not suggesting that the possessors of land should merely be driven out. Some measure of State purchase must in fairness be offered to those who may find, as the Duke of Marlborough in his able article in the "Daily Mail" seems to find, that with small associated holdings based on security of tenure, the reality of ownership will have departed. The State will indeed want a good deal of land if this business of rural re-settlement is to go through. It will want it specially for new cottages, with adequate plots and gardens, so as to secure the real point of leverage for a rise in wages, which is alternative employment. But on what terms? The Land Inquiry Report shows quite clearly that no scheme of general land purchase is feasible which a Tory Government is at all likely to accept. Mr. Jesse Collings proposed a scheme based on a plan of lending money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., including interest and sinking fund. But, in view of the Irish experience, that involves a loss to the State so enormous that no statesman dare embark upon it, and a subsidy to a class or classes which the country would decline to pass. Sir Edward Holden's scheme proposed that four-fifths of the purchase money should be advanced at $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This again involves risk to the State; but its chief objection is that it lays on the cultivator a burden of dead capital which, in bad times, he could not carry. The practical question, therefore, is whether the Tory Party will consent to apply to British agriculture something like the process of rent adjustment which they refused to Ireland. Is the taxpayer to be asked to pay for sporting rights, amenity rights, the refinements of a leisured and pleasured class, as a first charge on the policy whose aim is the restoration of the English land to the English people? In other words, before we consider the question of purchase, we must ask whether the British landlord is willing to concede fair rents and security of tenure, subject, of course, to good farming? To this question, the Duke of Marlborough seems to us really to answer, "No."

If we assume this "No" to be the voice of his class, we do not see how the agreement at which Mr. George hints is to come about. The two programmes must go on. The Tory programme will aim in the main at the preservation of the existing order. The Liberal programme will necessarily declare first for a full living wage for the laborer, and for land enough to make a free man of him. It will then suggest that

where his employer's rent is already adequate, part of the cost shall fall on it; and that the good farmer, with the chance of getting a better quality of worker, shall, in return, be made secure in his holding, and protected from the game nuisance, from capricious eviction, and from the confiscation of his improvements. Mr. Cave asks whether Mr. George proposes a rural revolution or merely a revision of the Agricultural Holdings Act and the Ground Game Act. The question is quite a pertinent one. Neither of these Acts is of high value to the farmer so long as he lacks security of tenure. When that comes, enforced by a Land Court, or a Land Commission, the balance of forces in the rural economy will have been changed for ever. But we shall be happily surprised to find that the Conservative Party mean what we mean, or desire the kind of countryside in which these liberating and recuperative forces will be fully at work.

This, then, we take to be the meaning of the Bedford speech. It is a notice to the old order to quit, and to make room for the new. The case for so large a change must be stated with clearness and simplicity. The imagination of our people lags far behind the realities of their lot. When they lost the land, they lost the roots of their old strength, and it is a proper task-work of a man of their own class to restore them. On the need for change, thinkers of all schools of thought agree. Tories and Liberals use approximately the same language about it. But great resisting forces arise when statesmen seek to turn back a deeply scored page of national history, as to which strong if slumbering passions and deeply rooted interests survive. Here will come the clash of the new land policy. Mr. George is wise to open it sedately, and to shun the language and the method of confiscation. But in a land like ours it is none the less a revolution.

THE COMING NATIONALIZATION OF RAILWAYS.

IT is notorious that great constructive changes of public policy are brought about in this country, not by general considerations of reason or utility, but by an accumulation of minor practical pressures. These pressures are usually for redress of grievances rather than for positive benefits. The movement towards the nationalization of our railways which is rapidly advancing well illustrates this economy of change. It is not the result of any theory as to the propriety of public ownership of the effective highways of the country, or by any abstract dislike of monopolies, still less by a clear conviction that the railways might be made a valuable source of public revenue. No; it is composed of the collection of a number of little rills of discontent. The traders' chronic grumbling at the size and the discrimination in railway rates has been roused to a higher pitch of resentment by the recent all-round rise, and the less effective discontent of passengers has been similarly sharpened by increased prices accompanied by reductions of facilities of travel. Again, the great railway strike of two years ago left in the public mind a very real feeling of uneasiness which has been kept alive by more recent stirrings among rail-

way workers. There is a widespread and probably well-founded belief that before long another general railway conflict may be waged around the issue of "recognition." At any rate, it is known that the hastily improvised Conciliation Boards are not working satisfactorily. The inquiry into the Aisgill accident bore striking testimony, not merely to the difficult relations subsisting between employees and officials, but to the dangers to which the public were exposed by the "economical" regulations of the companies. Each recurring accident, like this week's disaster at Liverpool, will, rightly or wrongly, feed these suspicions that our railways are not managed with sufficient regard to the public safety and convenience.

But it is hardly likely that an accumulation of such discontents would in itself suffice to bring the nationalization of railways so near as we believe it to be. For the resisting power of the combined companies would probably be unconquerable, if it was fully and firmly applied to the defence of the existing system. But for some time past there have been indications of a disposition on the part of railway owners to come to terms with the State, or rather, with the public purse, for the matter is with them, of course, merely one of £ s. d. When we find such a champion of the companies as Mr. W. M. Acworth predicting the probability of nationalization, we know what to think. Indeed, any far-seeing business man with a large holding of railway capital can hardly fail to perceive that he stands to gain by a favorable deal in the near future with the State. Owing partly to authorised advances of rates, partly to large economies from combination, railway finances have somewhat recovered from the evil plight of a few years ago, and, if trade keeps good, a further improvement in dividends may be expected. Now, at first sight it might seem that the owners of an improving business would at such a time be reluctant to sell out. But other considerations show this view to be erroneous. If the railways are to hold their own in competition with tramways and other modes of road traffic, they will have to incur great expenses in electrification and other costly improvements.

Moreover, as an informing article in last Saturday's "Times" points out, the labor problem which confronts them is virtually insoluble. Companies "are bound to accept all goods and passengers; to maintain an uninterrupted service: they cannot put up their charges without State sanction; and they have not the freedom to bargain with trade unions that is enjoyed by ordinary employers." The last issue is a crucial one. A company is not free to lock out: its employees are free to strike. For this reason the companies are bound to regard trade unions as enemies, for trade unionism avowedly rests upon the ultimate use of the strike. On the other hand, the men cannot acquiesce in the present situation. Recognition of the union is essential to their case. The "Times" writer put this case fairly enough: "They argue that they should have the same right to be represented by delegates, as the shareholders have to be represented by directors." It is everywhere the claim of labor, that the workers in a business are even more vitally interested in its successful conduct than the shareholders, and that dividends (the

shareholders' standpoint) should not alone be represented as the standard of "success." Now, a private profit-seeking company, railway or other, is bound to fight this claim of the workers. In fighting it, however, as we see, a railway company has one hand tied behind it by the legal obligations under which it works. A growing sense of the difficulty of this situation is undoubtedly driving many clear-headed railway owners to consider whether they had not better unload the problem on to the State.

We perceive, then, that a vigorous campaign of convinced nationalizers is likely to meet a diminishing volume of resistance, provided the companies can get their price. What should that price be? It is quite clear what reply the companies will make. They will point to the basis for State purchase laid down explicitly in an Act of Parliament in 1844, which guarantees twenty-five years' purchase of "the divisible profits estimated on the average of the three next preceding years." Now, "divisible profits" will, as a writer in the current "Economic Journal" shows, easily be stretched so as to cover something more than the dividends actually paid. Consider the advantageous position in which the companies will stand in making such a deal in a year or two's time. A chief argument for nationalization in the past has been the great economies the State would effect by abolishing the waste of competition and by securing the economies of a single central management. Well, in a little while, not merely will this advantage have been lost for the State, but these very economies, sanctioned by the State, will be the instruments of raising the purchase money which the State will have to pay to the companies. The deal by which the Government sanctioned a rise of railway rates to cover alleged rises of the wage bill, without taking into account as an effect other compensating economies permitted to the companies, will be a means of extorting from the public purse a good many extra millions, if the purchase price is estimated on a basis of profits swollen by these economies. While, therefore, we hold that nationalization is coming, and will, upon the whole, be a salutary change, we strongly urge that politicians and others who favor its early achievement should set themselves to frame a fair basis of expropriation. Discussion and settlement of terms of valuation of railway property should precede, and not merely accompany, proposals for the State purchase of railways. This was the course adopted in Switzerland, where the Federal Government has recently bought out the railways, and it is the course which is being adopted by the United States. It is the plan that should be adopted here. Otherwise we shall find ourselves rushed into a State purchase scheme upon terms so favorable to shareholders as to destroy the chance of our nation reaping any of those gains which Prussia has been able to secure.

THE LAND REPORT.—I.

THE very important document published by the Land Inquiry Committee on Wednesday will give the final blow to the indignant talk about backstairs methods and

malice working underground. A year ago feeling ran high on this subject, and one lady, we recollect, thought it necessary to write to the "Times" to explain that she considered it an insult to receive a communication through the post from anybody connected with this squalid enterprise. Since then the plan that was so violently attacked has received the compliment of general imitation, and every party except the Irish has conducted an inquiry of its own. Of all these Committees the one that has given the fullest account of itself and its operations to the public is the original Committee, and this is, in fact, the only Committee that cannot be called "secret." Its report, too, has surprised those earlier critics by its moderation and its gravity. Its method is not invective, or insinuation, or even generalisation; it is a careful statement and exposition of the facts and opinions elicited by inquiries conducted with an economic sense of responsibility. Readers may differ from the conclusions of the Committee, but they cannot complain that difficulties have been disregarded, that opinions that do not support the conclusions have been suppressed, or that there is evidence of any bias against any class in the working or the methods of the Committee. The Report itself is a document of great value and importance. Different aspects of the agrarian problem have been considered from time to time by different Committees and Commissions and Departments, and if the Committee had done nothing more than sift and bring together all the salient facts so discovered it would have performed a very notable service. But these earlier inquiries, in many cases a little out of date, have been supplemented by actual measures carried out with the help of persons of all classes, who know the country, and its people, and its problems, and the complete result is an invaluable collection of information and impressions. The problem emerges as a whole, and it is seen to be a problem that the nation would neglect at its peril. For this quiet, reasonable, unsensational document must appeal with great force to anyone with enough imagination to understand what kind of a life is represented by the plain facts about wages, housing, game preserving, and the general condition of a mass of landless laborers.

The book opens with an introduction by Mr. Arthur Acland, which is followed by a valuable historical summary from the pen of Dr. Gilbert Slater. In his introduction Mr. Acland brings out very clearly the main features of the problem to be considered, and Dr. Slater's chapter shows how that problem has grown up. In this way the attention of the reader is focussed on the leading facts, and he is better able to find his way through the wealth of evidence and information that has been amassed for his instruction. Mr. Acland says, very truly, that the agrarian problem has both an economic and a social aspect. Agriculture is an industry; the system of life that depends on it is a civilization. At one time economic considerations were allowed to override all others, and it was held almost universally among the upper classes that the only question that mattered was how to make the soil immediately more productive. The state of life, habits, fortunes, and surroundings of the agrarian population were overlooked. True statesman-

ship keeps both points of view in mind. As Mr. Acland says, "no reforms of village life can succeed which are not founded upon a sound economic basis. On the other hand, no plea of economic necessity can justify conditions which are plainly indefensible from a human or material point of view." In the Report, strict attention is paid to these principles, and the proposals that are made look to the general economic structure of the industry, and are free from the weakness of piecemeal philanthropy or superficial sentimentalism.

It is impossible to describe, much less to discuss, the contents of these five hundred pages in a single article. We propose, therefore, to confine ourselves this week to the general question of the waste and loss in agriculture as it is now carried on, leaving for treatment later the topics of the position and needs of the laborer, and the position and needs of the farmer. The evidence that England is under-cultivated is overwhelming. This is the view, for example, of Mr. Strutt, President of the Surveyors' Institution; Mr. Christopher Turnor; Mr. Prothero, the author of the "Pilgrimage of British Farming" (the series of papers published in the "Times"); the Small Holdings Commissioners; and virtually everybody who has any title to be listened to on the subject. Now, some of the causes for this waste have to do with the life and prospects of the farmers and the laborers, and they will be discussed later. In this article we may draw attention to other and more general reasons.

Mr. Acland says justly in his introduction that land has a characteristic that distinguishes it from any urban industry in that it is attractive in providing sport and social prestige. Here we come at once upon a demoralising influence—an industry that is an amusement to a small class, with its consequences of damage done by game, and the loss resulting from the excessive reservations for parks and pleasure grounds. Of the eight or nine hundred persons who answered the questions of the Committee on this subject, 146 said that there was land in their neighborhood withheld from its best use for the purpose of sport, and 399 said that damage was done by game to land that was cultivated. Of this number seventy-two reported that the farmer was indemnified for his loss, but that, of course, does not affect the fact of the nation's loss. This is put very well by a large landowner, who says: "I think that most landowners are fairly liberal in their compensation as far as the personal feeling of the farmer goes, for he is, as a rule, a good sportsman. But from the national point of view, it is wrong that a field which could produce a hundred quarters of grain should produce only sixty on account of damage from game. Again, it is wrong that the introduction of new crops, such as mixed corn, should be rendered impossible by the presence of game" (p. 277). "No farmer," says another correspondent, "thinks of tilling and liming, manuring and top-dressing land in the vicinity of a preserve, especially where rabbits are numerous. It simply means increasing the vermin, and brings no return to the tenant." Few persons who read through the chapter on this subject, and look at such books as those of Professor Schlich and Mr. Forbes, or the evidence Lord Selborne gave before

the Committee on Forestry some ten years ago, will question the justice of the Committee's conclusions as to the facts. They find that considerable damage is done by winged game, a still greater amount of damage is done by ground game, and that a large amount of land is withheld from its best use for the purpose of sport, and that a considerable amount more is under-cultivated, and, in some cases, under-rented, owing to game preservation. Now, it is significant, as the Report points out, that between 1881 and 1901, when the number of agricultural laborers declined, the number of gamekeepers increased from 12,633 to 16,677 (p. 280). We have to remember, too, as Mr. Acland observes, that it is likely that estates purchased by wealthy men of business, not primarily for agriculture, but for their social and sporting amenities, are likely to increase in number. Adam Smith thought a century and a half ago that manufacturers and men of business made good improving landowners, but that is not our experience to-day. There are, and always have been, landowners with a high sense of duty, who, as Mr. Acland says, have put 20 per cent. of their gross rental into these estates, in zeal for agricultural progress, but the men who buy "toy estates" are not thinking primarily of agriculture. The Committee propose to make the Ground Game Act more effective, to make it illegal for a landlord to reserve and let sporting rights to a sporting tenant, and to reform the system of rating.

The present method of rating is ridiculous. For game coverts planted solely for game on good agricultural land get the benefit of the Act of 1874, which values woods at their prairie value in order to encourage afforestation. As one correspondent puts it, "if land lies dormant for the use of game, its rateable value is 1s. per acre. When this land, by the employment of labor becomes productive, its rateable value increases to 20s. or 30s. (p. 392). Another correspondent writes, "We have one big landowner who has planted a lot of good land for game. It used to be let at, say, 30s. per acre, and is now rated at 2s. 6d. per acre." This abuse is too palpable to be defended by anybody, and it shows that rating reform is essential if we are to make any progress in reconstructing agriculture as a serious industry.

This is not the only way in which our rating methods conflict with the interests of agriculture. It is agreed among all parties that the small cultivator is to be encouraged, and yet we have a rating system that puts the biggest burden on his shoulders. As rates are generally assessed on actual rent, small holders are made to pay for the higher rents charged to large farmers. An ex-chairman of a small holdings society states that his society farmed 400 acres. Before his society acquired it, the single farm was rented at 18s. an acre. It is now divided among seventy holders, who pay 40s. per acre, and they pay in rates 112 per cent. more than the large farmer. A Dorsetshire farmer gives a similar illustration from the Rate-book for his district, showing that the assessment for 150 acres was £83 before they were converted into small holdings, and £148 afterwards (p. 403). Improvements are, of course, penalised, as a farmer finds if he takes a poor farm and makes it

more productive or builds better cottages. The evidence that this acts as a great deterrent comes from all parts of the country. One illustration will suffice. A clergyman writes from Essex: "A farmer who was until recently assistant overseer of this parish, informed me that when a man spends, say, £100 or more in improving his farm, his assessment will be raised by £10 or sometimes more. This necessarily means that farmers will not improve their farms where otherwise they would" (p. 389). The general conclusion of the Committee about an abuse, of which our statesmen have been scandalously negligent, is thus summarized: "The building of cottages, the establishment of small holdings, the better equipment of farms, and all higher or more intensive cultivation are penalised. Encouragement is given to the decaying village, the under-farmed holding, the badly-managed estate, and the game-preserving landowner. Thus, the effect of the whole system upon rural development is one of steady depression."

The Committee's proposals for reform are to come in their next volume, but enough is said in these pages to show that the question of the basis and methods of rating in question is as deep and urgent in the country as in the town. The Report discusses co-operation, education, facilities for transport, and the various forms of State help and State guidance found in different countries, from which we have many lessons to learn. It is in one sense melancholy, but in another sense it is stimulating and encouraging, reading. For the prospects of salvation are measured by the deficiencies of the present system, and any nation with a spark of spirit will welcome so solemn and urgent a summons to its energy and resolution.

THE RUSSIA OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

IT happens sometimes in history that a whole race seems to stand on its trial in the dock that contains a single man or a group of its representatives. Ireland has known such trials, and the Slavs of Hungary recollect a recent instance. If the anxious ordeal which opened this week at Kiev may be ranked as a national case, it is not because the prisoner is a leader of his people. The hapless Jew who answers the charge of ritual murder is not a type of the Jewish intellectual who has made himself indispensable to European civilization. He represents rather the masses who are the butt of persecution, and the material for "pogroms." The whole world watches his fate in suspense, not in the least because it feels the smallest doubt about his innocence, but simply because it knows that an adverse verdict passed upon his humble personality would be the signal for the tightening of the oppression which weighs upon his race in Russia, and for the unleashing of passions which would find their vent in pillage and in massacre. For us it is not Beiliss who stands upon his trial. The sordid crime in which, by some accident, his fate has become involved has in itself no elements of interest. A Russian boy, living in that slum underworld which Gorky has depicted, amid thieves and beggars, criminals and

wrecks, was somehow murdered more than two years ago. If it had happened that the murderer was a Jew, that fact, to the Western mind, would have added neither horror nor interest to the crime. But there is not one item in the evidence, so far as we know it, which can affix the guilt upon a Jew, still less upon Beiliss. It is, for us, Russian justice and Russian civilization which stand upon their trial. It would have interested us not at all if the prosecution had charged the prisoner with some common crime inspired by brutality or greed. Jews, like Christians, are sometimes guilty of such murders. It would have concerned us as foreigners very little, even if he had been wrongfully sentenced on such a charge. The Russian police has its own peculiar methods, and Russian courts their loose notions of evidence. Mis-carriages of justice under such conditions must be tolerably frequent. The case is poignant and of universal interest only because the prosecution, after interminable delays, intermittent agitation, many hesitations, and much wire-pulling by courtiers, prelates, and politicians, at last decided to prosecute the wretched man on a charge of murder "from motives of religious fanaticism and for ritual purposes." With that charge before us, the issue is, in plain words, how far the civilization of official Russia has yet emerged from the Middle Ages.

Among all the murderous lies which have played their part in history, this blood accusation is surely the strangest. One is tempted to suspect that it might have its origin in some dim, guilty memory of the human sacrifices which figured in the remote past among the rites of so many primitive religions. There is material enough in the "Golden Bough" for indicting half the races of mankind, including most of the Aryan stock. But the Jews, with their ritual horror of blood, happen to be the very last who would naturally fall under such a suspicion. The idea that they mixed Christian blood at Passover in the wine of the "communion" (to quote some characteristic medieval indictments) reads like nothing so much as a perverse ascription to them of ideas which belonged to Christian mysteries. The legend is by no means of hoary antiquity. It was apparently an English invention, and it dates only from the twelfth century. It was a charge which haunted the imagination of the Church in many forms. It was sometimes turned against Christian heretics, and the Franciscans accused even the Dominicans of using the blood of Jewish children in their sacraments. It was, in short, a current item in the dialect of medieval hatred. It was the final expression of loathing to accuse an enemy of drinking human blood. Its perpetuation as a charge against the Jews must have been due in great measure to the profit which fell to the Church from exploiting the relics of the "martyred" children. England had her Saint William of Norwich, and her still more famous Saint Hugh of Lincoln. You may still see on the little hill at Bacharach the exquisite chapel which the pious hatred of the Rhine valley raised to the memory of the blessed boy, Werner, whose corpse floated up the river against the flood to testify against the Jews who murdered him. Heine began to tell the story, but found it too tragic for his graceful pen, and antiquarians still

discuss the exact extent of the massacres which followed. The creditable aspect of this chapter of European history is that even the Middle Ages never quite succumbed to this movement of interested fanaticism. The Popes were not above canonizing the boy-martyrs, but three of them issued Bulls to protect the Jews from persecution on this charge. It is part of the glory of the free-thinking Emperor Frederick II. that, after an elaborate inquiry, of which the findings are still on record, he published an Imperial edict which acquitted the Jews of all suspicion. The legend died very slowly, but it moved gradually Eastwards. England and France were the first to harbor, and the first to discard it. It has lingered in the backward parts of Austria, in Roumania, and in Greece. It was revived this Easter against the Jews of Salonica, until M. Venizelos firmly quashed it. But its natural *habitat* is Russia.

The survival of this ghoulish legend in Russia is but one of the countless illustrations of the patchwork which makes the culture and the barbarism of the Tsar's Empire. Trace it to its source, and it probably means chiefly this, that the Russian Church, and, indeed, the whole Orthodox Communion, escaped the movements of the Reformation, the Renaissance, and the eighteenth-century enlightenment which transformed the mentality even of those Western Churches which most stoutly opposed them. Russian culture, with all its depth and sincerity, with all its humanity and tolerance, has been a purely secular movement, which formed the mind of a nation that had quitted and ignored its Church. Isolated, conservative, barely aware of the changes in the world at its doors, the Orthodox Church has hardly begun as yet to adapt itself to the modern world. It startles us from time to time, now by excommunicating Tolstoy, again by the comedy of the Athos monks who wished to worship the Divine name, and to-day by its persistence in spreading a myth which was too brutal even for a medieval Pope. It goes its own way to decay. What concerns the Western spectator is rather the desolating fact that the Russian Government, bent in every other walk of public life upon the steady pursuit of reaction, has made this weapon of race-hatred its own. The sequel depends on a jury of peasants which is to all appearances packed. It remains to be seen how far the agents of the Government will dare to press the case. They know already the verdict of the civilized world on the revival of this murderous libel. If they choose to ignore it, there is one more barrier raised against any intercourse with official Russia on a basis of cordiality and respect.

A London Diary.

I UNDERSTAND that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will make a speech of the utmost importance at Swindon, on Thursday next, embodying the full view of the Cabinet on the land question.

I FIND two curiously opposed points of view of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at Bedford. The

old political campaigner was not impressed. He thought the survey labored and not particularly fresh, and the hint of remedies vague. But the younger men did not miss the usual Georgian salt. They not only listened with great keenness, but were attracted by the large panoramic effect of the speech, and its sketch of a policy that really promises in its evolution a decisive change from the flatness of modern politics. This, I imagine, was the effect at which the speaker aimed. Great masses of men have to be moved, excited, out of the low level of experience to which the final loss of the land has condemned the British peasantry. This cannot be done in a moment; but though the land programme was only hinted at, it is not likely to be subject to the fining-down process which spoiled the land taxes of the Budget of 1909. Mr. Garvin seems to think that by remaining in the Cabinet Mr. George threw away the vitals of the programme. That is not the case. The Prime Minister was an early and convinced convert. Indeed, no tinkering is possible, for a broad and (save for one fatal flaw) a not ill-designed Tory plan is in existence. The report of the Inquiry Committee is a drastic but also a very well considered document, and within its leaves will, no doubt, lie the general policy of the Cabinet.

ONE of the worst features of our political system is, surely, the way in which men who have some force of idealism in their temperaments are so soon lost to its fighting ranks. Here, for instance, is Mr. Ure. His speeches on the land question carried the fiery cross through the country before the leaders stirred in it; and, as examples of the mixed power of feeling and argument (in the Scottish manner), were, perhaps, the most powerful stimulant that in these days the controversy has received. And now Mr. Ure goes to the Scottish Bench, where the fount of feeling is apt to run dry. I imagine he stood somewhat alone in the Ministry, detached from both of its ruling groups. But one would have thought that, at this time of all others, the Cabinet was the place for him.

NOTWITHSTANDING the most memorable of his speeches—that in which he taught Mr. Balfour to beware of teasing a volcano—Mr. Ure will be more missed on the platform than in the House of Commons, where, in truth, he was mostly a meditative and somewhat wistful on-looker. In the country, as I have said, his energies were prodigious. Members say that he never refused a call on his help, and never broke an engagement. At times, no doubt, he might be late for one, but never through any personal slackness. Indeed, I have heard a quaint story of how he once turned an enforced delay at a wayside station to account by rushing down into the neighboring village, peremptorily calling the villagers together, and then talking to them at express speed till it was time to be moving on to his next audience. After the Balfour attack his popularity became unbounded, especially in Scotland, sometimes with embarrassing consequences. "I do not know why I should have been chosen to move this resolution," once began a too-apologetic friend in his presence in moving a resolution of congratulation. "Nor does any other body," came the

impatient cry from a strong-lunged man in the audience, and, taking the duty into his own hands, this Cromwell put the resolution without another word, and in a moment had some thousands of his fellows up on their feet cheering and singing in a frenzy of enthusiasm. It was no small thing at the last election to have a personal asset such as this on one's side, and its absence in the future must make a difference.

PROFESSOR STUART—as he was called long after his active association with his University ceased—was really a man of three careers. He had his early life as a Cambridge Radical, a close associate of Mrs. Josephine Butler, and (the noblest and most enduring work of his life) a pioneer organizer, or rather *the* pioneer, of higher education for the people; his place in Parliament and the County Council as one of the leaders of neo-Liberalism; and, since his marriage with Miss Laura Colman, his managing directorship of the gigantic business of Colman's. He was one of the founders of the "Star," and became, in effect, its editor. Work in the end wore him out; and yet in the days when I saw most of him, and he was doubling Cambridge and London, he did not seem to know what fatigue meant. At one time it looked as if he would be an active forcing figure in the semi-Socialistic Radicalism of my youth. But he had large reserves of Scottish prudence in his character, and in the end—influenced, perhaps, by his association with the Gladstone family—he took a medium path, and became a tempering rather than a driving element in the fiery course of the early "Star." He was not a great journalist; but his charming memoirs showed a literary gift which developed in the quieter days of his later experience. He was an extremely good man of business. It did not seem inevitable that a man of his mathematical and scientific gifts should develop into a successful controller of a huge enterprise like Colman's, but succeed he did.

MR. HAROLD BEGBIE is so good as to send me the following verses:—

BETTER TIMES.

In turbas et discordias pessimo cuique plurima vis: pax et quies bonis artibus indigent.

I'd like to lay a mild half-crown
With any child of sporting habits,
That Orangemen will not go down
Like rabbits.

This time next year, O quite by then,
Without the loss of one pyjama,
We shall behold meek, unarmed men
In Armagh.

Deluded hooligans and roughs
May have to go to quod for arson,
But blood will never speck the cuffs
Of Carson.

No martial speech from brazen throat
Next year will make a single pulse stir,
No fighter strip him of his coat
In Ulster.

Instead of dying in a ditch,
Or scuttling off like rat and bunny,
The Orange poor will toil, the rich
Make money.

And everything will be as though
The pure and precious Duke of Aber-
corn had not put up—well, you know,
To jabber.

The Lurgan Lamb in peace will see
His wife go off to earn his living,
And only sweaters will not be
For giving.

Workman and Clark, dismiss your dread,
The Pope still in his prison lingers;
Pirrie won't burn his boats, nor Ned
His fingers.

And yet I fear, I do confess,
Some peppery Volunteer may be
So wrath as to burn F. E. S.
In eff-ee-gee.

But this will pass. The wise will own,
While babes are born and trade increases,
Peace better is than being blown
To pieces.

A CORRESPONDENT sends me the following description of Mr. Larkin on the platform:—

"A tall man, large-boned, powerful, and not in the least fat, he seems to make his way through a crowd by force of personality. In the face, the nose is large and prominent, running up between the eyebrows into the forehead; the mouth very wide and irregularly cut, with just a suspicion of the shark about it—of a possible cruelty, or, at all events, of an absence of any sensitive consideration for a fallen enemy or a friend at variance; the bluish-grey eyes, rather small and narrow, sometimes glancing sideways as though expecting a treacherous attack. Rather deep single lines down the cheeks and horizontal along the forehead, which is low and partly hidden by the hair hanging carelessly over the right side. The hair itself, always untidy, is a common brown, hardly touched with grey; but though he is still under forty, he looks older. The skin is reddish-brown all over, but of the quality that shows invariable sobriety. One must call him eloquent, but his eloquence is quite different from Ben Tillett's, who was on the same platform, or from Lloyd George's, as I used to hear him in the pro-Boer days. It is more like what John Burns's used to be when I met him first opposing Bradlaugh in the Hall of Science, and marked him down as the greatest popular speaker of our time. Ben Tillett speaks like a Frenchman, with all his chest and shoulders. He has the actor's face, and there is something theatrical in his oratory, splendidly effective though it is, especially in the open air. Lloyd George used to remind me of a large hawk, soaring ever up and up on airy spirals of language.

"Larkin has John Burns's gift of always speaking in things instead of in phrases. He uses no abstractions, no general ideas. It is the solid, concrete thing that he has before his mind. Most people speak in length and breadth; he is a 'cubist,' he speaks in thickness. The voice is loud, harsh, and quite untrained, but in describing the miseries of the Dublin poor it can sink to quiet solemnity. There is no pose or study of effect about his gestures. He is a sincere and entirely ungraceful speaker. Nor has his speech any construction or form. He goes charging on with the

elan of a natural force, catching, not at ideas, but at the pictured things or persons that in careless succession present themselves to his mind; often harking back, often rising to indignant rage, easily yielding to the scornful pride that Irishmen usually display in addressing a humble audience of mere Englishmen."

A WELL-INFORMED Australian correspondent writes me:—

"Had the Liberals been returned with a good majority, I think it is pretty certain that the compulsory clauses of the Defence Act would have been dropped, not because the Liberals want to drop them—just the other way. The Act has been admittedly administered with great forbearance. The people do not yet realize the power it gives the military. The Liberals, if their position had been sure, would have enforced its provisions much more strongly, with the result that the Labor Party, which, as a whole, is opposed to the whole thing, would have resisted effectively. As it is, their party having brought in the measure, the working classes have not strenuously objected, but they would do so the moment great pressure was brought to bear upon the boys to force them to register and complete drills. A Quaker was fined the other day, and as he will not pay, will go to prison for not registering his boy. It is quite possible, though, that nothing further will be done in the matter, and he will be let alone. Still, as he told me, the only thing a Quaker can do if the Act is stringently enforced, is to go to prison or leave the country."

ROBINSON ELLIS, like other great scholars, was somewhat given to personal fancifulness. A friend, staying at an hotel with him, caught, one morning, an especially alarmed expression on his face. "What's the matter?" he asked. "There is something very wrong with my great toe," was the reply, "and the most serious thing about it is that there is nothing to see, and that I feel no pain whatever." A little later on, his friend found him exhibiting the mysteriously stricken member to his landlady.

Life and Letters.

LIFE AND A LIVELIHOOD.

ONE-HALF of the labors of civilization consists in conquering and subduing to the service of man the elemental forces of inanimate Nature, the other half in controlling and directing the passions and the powers of man himself. In which of the two tasks the greater measure of success has been achieved it would perhaps be hard to tell. The pages of history are largely occupied with terrible and tragic failures in both departments. Now it is the bestial in man which bursts forth into some wild orgy of war and massacre. Now, again, it is a sudden, blind rebellion of the elements, reminding us of the limits of our control. We have, indeed, made the winds our messengers and the flaming fire our servant. But the messenger may still turn traitor, and the servant murderer.

This week furnishes two terrible reminders how fire, the most powerful of the friends of man, may become his most terrible enemy, suddenly arising amid the quietude of earth or water to overwhelm him. There are certain elemental powers that we can never completely master. We cannot prevent, or perhaps even safely predict, the quakings and eruptions of the earth. The perils of flood and storm will continue to play havoc in certain quarters of the world. But fire, with the exception of the lightning stroke, ought to be capable of stricter regulation. For

the conditions which enable fire to get out of hand and work its own terrible will are almost entirely within the control of man. It is not necessarily true that such fearful events as that of the "Volturno" or that of the Lancaster Pit, *must* happen, and that no human Providence can prevent them. It is only in a very narrow meaning of the term that such events are assignable to "natural causes." Man is far too prone to throw his own responsibilities upon the shoulders of inarticulate Nature. The last two years have presented a tragical series of representative cases. The first of these was the awful loss of the "Titanic," in which the part of the iceberg was innocence itself compared with the accumulation of culpable negligences in the building, equipment, drill, and discipline of the vessel, and the connivance at these imperfections on the part of the Board of Trade. Human folly, callousness, and incompetence were the destroyers.

But, as one looked nearer, one perceived that these were not the gratuitous errors common to mankind, but that, for the most part, in the last resort they resolved themselves into business economies. The same analysis applies to the Aisgill railway accident, but newly washed from the public mind by these fresh horrors of sea, rail, and mine. Though private rashness and negligence on the part of guard and driver were contributory causes of the Aisgill calamity, it is properly traceable to the niggardliness in the policy of coaling and of pilot engines which the Company imposed on its officials. Is it different in the case of the "Volturno"? It is true that, as yet, the immediate cause of the outbreak of fire remains unknown. And it may well be the case that, having regard to the combustible character of certain cargoes, some such outbreaks lie beyond the responsibility of man. But that consideration must not exhaust the inquiry which our Board of Trade is about to set on foot. What provisions were made on a ship carrying a dangerous cargo for the extinction of a fire? Experts may not, as indeed it seems, be thoroughly agreed as to the worth of methods of forcing inert gases into the holds, compared with the use of water and of steam. But it does not seem that any reasonably effective method of any sort was here available. Again, a large part of the loss of lives is directly attributable to the failure of our ships to carry portable gear for throwing lines by rocket apparatus. We understand that some years ago a Select Committee of the Board of Trade recommended this provision, but it has never been made compulsory. Why not? To such pertinent questions the public still awaits reply. The salvation of the greater part of the "Volturno" passengers and crew, it is observable, was due to the fortunate chance that one of the ten vessels within Marconi call happened to be carrying an oil-tank. Is it impossible that every vessel should carry an emergency supply of oil? Or must we wait for this until it has been made more economical in material and in labor to use oil instead of coal-fuel for motor power?

Even more explicitly the Lancaster Pit disaster raises the same issue. When fire-damp ignites and an explosion of coal-dust supervenes in a pit where already once before in its brief life of fourteen years death had been dealt to all the occupants, can the accident be regarded as an act of God, or assigned to natural causes? The suggestion is a monstrous one. It is perhaps impossible to abolish coal-dust in a mine. But it does not follow that it must explode. The Mines' Inspectors, who inquired into the West Stanley Explosion in 1909, reported that "unless this grave danger which exists at many collieries, owing to the presence of coal-dust, is attacked with more earnestness in the future than it has been in the past, disasters of a similar character will occur from time to time." No fewer than four grave accidents have occurred since that time, a larger number than in any previous period of four years. And they have occurred, presumably, because the stock of "earnestness" is still deficient. Now, in what sense are such terrible occurrences to be called accidents? Take the statistics over a sufficiently long period of time, and they stand out as part of the costs of production in coal-mining, a cost not, however, seriously counted in the wage-bill, because the courage or the rashness of the

miner takes so little count of it. If, as is sometimes asserted, there were no ways of evading or even of mitigating the danger of coal-dust, the nation might perhaps with sorrow acquiesce in this as in other intrinsic hazards of human life. For civilization, such as we know it, stands upon a coal basis. But are we bound to this dismal judgment? In his report upon the Wellington Pit disaster in 1910, Mr. Redmayne held that "the precautions against the accumulation of coal-dust were of a haphazard and unsystematic character," and that "the ventilation of the working face was inadequate for the needs of the mine." We would not wish to prejudge the present lamentable happening. But is it clear that everything which science and money could do had been done to secure the safety of the mine? After the former accident at the same mine in 1901, the Chief Inspector of the district urged that stringent regulations should be made for working the mine, and the jury added an opinion that the colliery was not watered in a satisfactory manner. But there are other safeguards besides watering. Sir A. Markham has long urged that an admixture of stone-dust with the coal-dust will secure immunity, and the Home Office Committee is said to take a favorable view of the remedy.

It is difficult for anyone taking a general survey of the public attitude towards industrial accidents to rest content either with the perfunctory methods of responsible official bodies, or with their legislative and administrative measures. And when one looks more closely into methods and motives, one discovers everywhere, among officials, legislators, and administrators, excessive consideration for business interests, and a reluctance to bring compulsion to bear in favor of protective measures that involve large expenditure. Organized businesses, threatened with such measures, habitually apply dilatory methods. They present evidence to show, first, that the dangers are comparatively small, and, secondly, that they cannot be obviated by the expensive means proposed; and, if reformers still persist, they press for delay, exemptions, and voluntary adoption of the remedies. Wherever inquiry be directed, into the use of phosphorus or white lead in the pottery and match trades, into the poisonous vapors of chemicals, or the dust-laden atmosphere of textile factories, into the adequate fencing of machinery, or any other more or less expensive safeguard, the same effort thwarts and delays the proposals of safety and humanity. It is not conscious malice, still less cruelty, which animates this obstructive policy. It is the secret insidious pressure of the impersonal power of dividends. Capital in its modern non-personal form, expressed significantly in the French *compagnie anonyme*, has, we will not say no conscience, but not a conscience commensurate with the needs of humanity. To put it bluntly, profit conflicts with the full requirements of the safe working of the factory, the railroad, or the mine, and profit succeeds in persuading the Home Office or Board of Trade official, and the legislator, the inspector, and the magistrate, not to "press too hardly on the trade." This will be indignantly denied in some quarters. But the denial itself will only testify to the intricacy of the sub-conscious workings of our business system. As long as labor is so cheap, the life of laborers will be lightly held and unable to extort adequate protection. Raise the price of labor, and the civil and social status of the worker, and he will then become valuable enough and strong enough for his employers to stamp out the dangers of coal-dust in mines or on engines, and to prevent his throwing away his life as a by-product in the process of earning a "living." "Il ne gagne que sa vie" was the French economist's summary of the case of labor. But it was, and is, an exaggeration.

THE BATTLE OF THE NATIONS.

It all seems very long ago, that stupendous conflict of which Germany to-day celebrates the centenary. The marching, the devastations, and slaughter of those immense Napoleonic hosts, hardly visible through the mists

of history, appear almost as vast and distant and incredible as the war of Cimmerians or the upheavals of Titanic rage. Yet only last week there was a woman died in Prussian Poland who could remember it all. She was a girl of twenty when it happened. The year before Leipzig she had seen the finest army that man ever made sweep eastward to its destruction in Russia's starved and snowy deserts. And then she had watched the Russian armies slowly creeping over the frontiers westward, joining with Prussians and white-coated Austrians, cautiously feeling for the grip upon that world-conqueror, the greatest soldier of man's record. Him also she may have seen, in his little three-cornered hat without feathers, and his old grey coat, and it was only last week that the eyes which may have seen him closed:

"Mes enfants, dans ce village,
Suivi de rois, il passa.
Voilà bien longtemps de ça;
Je venais d'entrer en ménage.
A pied grimpant le coteau
Où pour voir je m'étais mise.
Il avait petit chapeau
Avec redingote grise.
Près de lui je me troublai;
Il me dit: Bonjour, ma chère.
Bonjour, ma chère.
—Il vous a parlé, grand'mère!
Il vous a parlé!"

It was of a French grandmother, not of a Prussian Pole that Béranger sang. Well, no matter! There was a dæmonic grandeur in the man surpassing the limits of nationality, and we would have given much to have seen that woman who had actually watched the Great Army marching, and was alive last week. Or remember with what feelings Heine, the German Jew, recorded his one glimpse of that divine apparition:

"Once I saw him with my very eyes—him, the Emperor! Hosannah in the Highest!

"It was in the avenue of the Court Gardens at Düsseldorf. As I pushed through the gaping crowd, I thought of the deeds and battles which M. Le Grand had played me on his drum. My heart beat the Imperial March, and yet I could not help remembering the order of police laying down a penalty of fifteen shillings' fine for anyone caught riding along the avenue. And the Emperor and his suite rode along the avenue; the trees trembled and bowed before him as he went, the sun's rays peered with quivering curiosity through the green foliage, and in the blue heaven above him hung a golden star in all men's sight.

"The Emperor was wearing his unpretentious green uniform, and the little cocked hat, famous round the world. He rode a white horse, which trod the earth so proudly, so calmly, with such distinction—had I been Crown Prince of Prussia I should have envied that horse. The Emperor sat carelessly, loosely almost. One hand held the rein, the other good-naturedly patted the horse's neck. It was a gleaming hand, like marble, a powerful hand, one of the two hands which had chained the many-headed monster of confusion, and guided the battles of the world—and it patted the horse's neck good-naturedly. The face, too, was the color of a Greek or Roman bust in marble; the features were chiselled in the same noble lines as the antique; and on the face stood written, 'Thou shall have none other gods but me.'"

That was the picture which his contemporaries, even foreigners, formed of the man. There was something superhuman about the personality, something incalculable, like a god. And we remember how, writing after the death of this divinity, Heine recorded the terrible fate which had already overtaken his three most embittered opponents:

"Londonderry has cut his throat, Louis XVIII. has rotted on his throne, and Professor Saalfeld is still a Professor in Göttingen."

The hero was worthy of the great tragedy of the world—the tragedy in which the first Act depicts the foolish and overweening splendor of the Austrian marriage, the second Act is Moscow, and Leipzig the third and last. The abdication, Elba, and the Hundred Days follow on as only a kind of Miracle-play to bring the curtain down with marvel at the end. The blows of the tragedy fell in the two successive Octobers of 1812, 1813. About the time of the Austrian marriage—say in 1809 and 1810—the golden star stood at its zenith. "The Corsican ogre" appeared to be irresistible, and the parallel he loved to draw between himself and Cæsar or Charlemagne was no exaggeration; in

point of territory he perhaps surpassed them both. But he had forgotten one element in mankind, which, indeed, both of them had forgotten or disregarded also. He had forgotten the power of nationality.

When he had destroyed the armies of the world, it seemed to him a simple matter to hold it in sway. From Paris or by deputy he could organize the government of nations, much to their own advantage as well as to the glory of France. He made the mistake of all Imperialists and of many excellent governors; he believed that good government is better than self-government, whereas the reverse is true. He believed that if people in subjection were decently organized and kept comfortable, they could demand no more. His unideal, calculating, and entirely reasonable mind could not realize the power and intensity of a national passion that was spiritual in purpose, uncalculating in devotion, and surpassing all limits of comfortable reason and assurances of prosperity. It was a strange oversight in the man who could confidently appeal to the national pride of France for the unreasoning sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of her youth, and almost to the last was devotedly supplied with food for cannon. If he thought (which was partly true) that this devotion was given to his own person rather than to the idea of France, still he might have been warned by the national resistance of Spain, prolonged until it became, as he said, a perpetual running sore, and contributed almost as much as Moscow (also a nationalist resistance) to his ultimate fall. But to such warnings he was blind.

In Germany the signs of rising national fervor ought to have been obvious. Statesmen like Stein and Hardenberg were devising schemes for national unity. Philosophers like Fichte were rousing the university students to the meaning of country. Poets like Arndt and Theodor Körner were singing the war-songs of a nation, and, as in Körner's case, meeting death with the "Song of the Sword" upon their lips. Lützow was flitting about with the Black Hussars of his "wild and desperate hunt," to whom no quarter was ever given. The whole disunited, heavy, and inconclusive German race (as it then was) felt the stirring of a ferment like leaven in the dough. Boys gave themselves up to secret drill. Girls cut off their hair and sold it for the war-chest. For seven years since Jena the German people had endured a foreign rule, but nationality was now awake among them, and they would endure it no longer. It was in vain that Goethe, who "could not hate the French," told them from his region of artistic calm that the conqueror's influence would do their style and behavior good, and warned them that, "rattle their chains as they might, the fellow was one too many for them." There stood Scharnhorst and Gneisenau, quietly organizing victory. There stood Blücher, "the old Field Marshal," "his white hair waving in the wind" (he was seventy-two), his stubborn old heart glowing with a flame of hatred towards the invader:-

"Der Mann ist er gewesen, als Alles versank,
Der mutig auf 'gen Himmel den Degen noch schwang;
Da schwur er beim Eisen gar zornig und hart,
Den Wälschen zu weisen die deutsche Art."

To Napoleon such sentiments appeared worthy of the *idéologues*, whom he despised; but, unhappily for him, in this instance as so often, the idealists were right. It was the violence of the national idea which at last drove the hesitating Frederick William of Prussia definitely to range his little kingdom (at that time not much bigger than modern Ireland or Bulgaria in population) side by side with the Russians who were slowly following up their terrific victory of the previous winter. It was the same national idea which during the summer armistice brought Austria and Napoleon's own father-in-law into the alliance against him, and made the Saxons half-hearted in his support, till they turned their guns upon him on the day of battle. From the North came Bernadotte's Swedes, not a very trustworthy lot, but working with a few English troops, including the famous "rocket-battery" (now, we believe, O Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery) which made onlookers laugh by its daring success in stemming the French

charges. England also gave a subsidy of over £2,000,000 to the Allies; but, above all, she gave Wellington's victory at Vittoria, and his entrance into French soil little more than a week before Leipzig was fought.

With superhuman energy, after the loss of nearly half a million men in Russia, Napoleon had stamped almost another half million out of the soil of France. His general plan was to hold the long line of the Elbe from Hamburg down to "Saxon Switzerland" south of Dresden, and strike at the enemy in detail as their columns appeared. But he was unfortunate in his marshals. He lost his favorite, Duroc, after the indecisive action at Bautzen in the spring. Davout was left far away in Hamburg. While Napoleon held his own with all his old genius at Dresden, Vandamme suffered serious defeat at Kulm, Ney at Dennewitz, Oudinot at Gross Beeren, and Macdonald on the Katzbach. Hearing that Blücher had crossed the Elbe south of Wittenberg and was swinging round upon Leipzig with Bernadotte from the north-west, Napoleon left St. Cyr at Dresden, and removed to Leipzig, where he had Marmont and Murat with him. There he drew up all the force left him—about 180,000—mainly in convex lines two or three miles south-east of the city, and awaited the approach of the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians under the nominal command of the Austrian Schwarzenberg.

That variegated army, including Siberian archers whom the French soldiers nicknamed "Cupids," numbered about 300,000 as they debouched from the Erzgebirge, and, on October 16th, they began pressing steadily against Napoleon's lines. Most of the fighting was with sword and bayonet, and Murat distinguished himself, as in a score of previous battles, with the cavalry, but his force was too small to be decisive. The weather was wet, and in the wet only about one in fifty muskets could then be counted upon to fire. The French were slowly driven back with heavy loss towards the city, while Blücher began to press Marmont on the north-west, and Ney marched and countermarched indecisively. Next day was Sunday, and the Allies continued to bring up reinforcements in successive waves. That night Napoleon spent in Leipzig, and the 18th was merely a continuation of the process which crushed in upon him from two sides. By evening all was over, and the terrible retreat across the one bridge and along the one road westward began. Napoleon had lost 30 generals and 33,000 prisoners. Of his great army only 40,000 in arms recrossed the Rhine. Of himself we have one glimpse as he stood by the Leipzig bridge, watching the chaos of the retreat and whistling "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en-guerre."

"Il vous a parlé, grand'mère!
Il vous a parlé!"

It was the end of the tragedy. On November 9th he reached Paris, and in spite of his brilliant defence on the Marne and Seine, Blücher got there four months later. In April came the abdication and Elba. "Whatever happens, I shall always be a remarkable man," said Napoleon as he left his kingdom. It was true, but the idea of nationality had beaten him.

DIDEROT AND HIS WORK.

It was a characteristic amusement of the eighteenth century to draw a portrait of the ideal philosopher. We seem to know him as intimately as we know the good apprentice in a Hogarth print. His features are as sharp and clear-cut and almost as lifeless as any bust of Socrates or Plato. He moved with dignity, talked with precision, and wore a beard as reverent as that of any astrologer in Scott. He lived the simple life in a well-appointed country house. He contemplated Nature in the parterres of a neatly ordered garden. He shunned society in the company of several daughters, whom he had bred to serve him with an assurance worthy of Milton. He kept his wisdom for the few admiring friends whom he admitted with due precautions to the groves of his secluded Academe. Within it they doubted Providence, confounded priests, surveyed the errors of the human race, and preserved their epigrams as

jealously as the neighboring squire kept his game. They published no books, and if to amuse a lonely hour they dared confide their thoughts to manuscript, it was with a resolve to avoid the dangers and vulgarities of the printing-press. The mother-tongue of this philosopher was French, but he learned a little German as the century went on, and towards its close he spoke a sufficiently fluent English. You may meet him in the novels of William Godwin, where he inhabits a villa by the Lakes, and refrains, one trusts, with his innate delicacy, from shocking the prejudices of his neighbors, the poets. His was a prudent illumination, a sterile wisdom, an unsocial virtue. His thoughts were his own, and he took care that they should go no farther. To attempt to illuminate mankind, as Cléobule puts it in Diderot's "Promenade d'un Sceptique," is like letting a ray of light fall upon a nest of owls. It only serves to hurt their eyes and set them hooting. Government and religion, the philosopher concludes, are forbidden topics, and the manuscript which treats of them must never reach the printer's hands. So this philosopher despaired of mankind, and sought consolation in his own looking-glass. Necessity, which is the mother of so much else, brings ideals also to birth. Her name in this case was the Order of Jesus. The solitary sage consulted his own alarms and called them philosophy. The fear of the Jesuits was the beginning of his wisdom. He despaired of mankind because he lacked the courage to lead it.

Diderot printed the manuscript. That, in the main, is why the world is proud to remember this week that he came into the world two centuries ago. It was Comte who called him the greatest mind of his century. It seems a rash eulogy, but it might not be extravagant to call him the greatest influence. He dragged the eighteenth-century philosopher out of his rural retreat, and taught him his catechism of human duties. Birth, temperament, and harsh experience conspired to make him the predestined hero of this achievement. The son of a provincial cutler, who learned perforce to write for bread, he had his own instinctive views on the natural destiny of manuscripts. He knew what it was to tramp the streets of Paris from dawn to dusk without a meal, and for him a manuscript was primarily a thing that one sells. He stood in a relation to the printer which the Shaftesburys and the Voltaires had never known, nor could he afford the leisure of a Helvetius, who compromised, after one dire experience, by publication after death. Diderot printed the manuscript, and he printed it at once.

But a sharper difference distinguished him from the aloof and aristocratic Cléobules. For them the world consisted of philosophers and mankind. Diderot belonged to mankind, and the hermitage in which he evolved his philosophy was the teeming Paris on the left bank of the Seine. The man stands out for us from his own writings and from the letters of his friends, a glorious talker, an affectionate friend, the helper of everyone in need, the most sociable of scholars, the most learned of Bohemians. It is characteristic of him that the literary form which he invented and perfected was a sort of conversation—for one cannot call it a dialogue. He talked with his pen, and must ever have at his elbow, when he philosophized, some one of the owls whom Cléobule feared to hear hooting. Diderot poured the light upon the creature's eyes, and for him the bird's cries were sufficiently articulate. He was, indeed, acutely aware of the Jesuits who lay in waiting while he talked. His tactics were to face them, and with him the enlightenment passed from the phase to which Voltaire had brought it—the phase of single combat in which the hermit-giant hurled his defiance at the black battalions—into a militant movement, with the philosopher as the recognized chief of a national army.

Posterity is apt to measure Diderot by his personal writings, the brilliant improvisations which engaged only his own credit. Someone has called him the great author who never wrote a book. For our part, we are tempted to think that there are few essays in the criticism of the arts which rank above his "Paradoxe sur le Comédien," with its daring and persuasive originality, its penetrating psychology, its hints of the coming revolt

against the whole classical tradition, couched in the easy and unpretending form of a flowing yet singularly logical conversation. We admit a partiality for the slighter "Entretien d'un Philosophe avec la Maréchale de—" in which he explains with a charming affectation of simplicity that an atheist may be a virtuous man, and retorts with suave but unsparing contrast between Christian ideals and Christian practice. As for "Rameau's Nephew," what need we say of it, but that it has found two translators? One was Goethe, and the other was Lord Morley. Paris professed to be vastly entertained last week when his whimsical comedy—a frank portrait of himself—was revived for an afternoon at the Odéon. "Est-il bon? Est-il méchant?" has a certain vitality in spite of its artificial form, but the modern reader brings with him a standard of taste which makes its cynical humors repellent. These things were not the great manuscript which Diderot printed. It ran to thirty bulky volumes, and its readers have all been dead for the best part of a century. We confess that we know it only in a little volume of selections, and we suppose that it is but once in a decade that some scholar disturbs upon their shelves the ponderous repose of the few copies which exist.

But the Encyclopædia lives, as none of Diderot's slighter works have lived. It is an influence unread, a force which shaped and still shapes the modern world. What it meant as a library of erudition, as a model of co-operation in science, as an achievement in the technical mastery of plates and pages—this is a solid but a minor claim to fame. It is still unique in the world as an effort to present the whole body of contemporary learning from a single point of view, positive, critical, and militant. One may well ask whether in all the history of propaganda there has been a device to equal it. The courtier, to borrow Voltaire's anecdote, turns to it to find exactly how gunpowder is made. He discovers what he wants, and as he turns the pages, his attention falls idly on an article which is a tract against war, vehement beneath a certain outward restraint, uncompromising for all its moderation of form. Madame de Pompadour studies under R the composition of rouge, and lights some pages earlier upon the article "Peine," which states with all the freshness of a first conviction the opinion of modern humanity on the old-world barbarities of punishment and legal revenge.

But the architect of the Encyclopædia showed his real genius in the articles which he devoted to the arts. One lingers on the picture of Diderot sitting for days over a loom that he might master its actual working and compose with practised fingers his description of its mechanism. A profound strategy, a humane purpose guided him in these laborious tasks. He meant to make of his Encyclopædia a storehouse to which every quick-witted bourgeois in France must turn if he would understand the common facts of his daily life. The storehouse had, however, its own peculiar atmosphere, and the practical bourgeois who dallied long within it, was presently reflecting on the two topics which Cléobule pronounced taboo. Religion and Government figured each under its own letter with Agriculture and Technology. A straight talk on taxation might be found when one looked for hints on manures, and a discourse on toleration when one sought for the processes of making iron. The thing was so useful that even the Jesuits could not suppress it. It went down to the provinces a Cyclopædia. It came back in twenty years in the mandates of the National Assembly.

The Encyclopædia was a giant's achievement. But the world owes Diderot a still heavier debt. The achievement was much, but the social ambition which inspired it was something more. It was well that he printed the manuscript, but it was better still that he had his reasons. He dared to bring this great battery of illumination to play upon the eyes of mankind, because he had rid himself of the philosopher's foible. He did not despair of mankind. This colossal effort was at once the vindication and the method of the new faith in the efficacy of a universal enlightenment. It meant the abandonment of the old philosopher's

pessimism, which held that the mass of mankind must be wrapped in useful delusions and bent to authority. It meant the faith which Helvetius and Holbach preached with a rash fervor of paradox, that the stuff of human nature is infinitely malleable, and may be moulded by institutions and education into something incomparably finer than that which inhabits the world to-day. It involved the perception that government and ordered society is something more than an expedient of police—a machinery for education and construction which despots have misused, which philosophers have ignored, and which reformers may turn to the purposes of "philanthropy." From it sprang at once the hope which inspires modern democracy, the faith which gives it courage, the motive which fires its struggles for power. The manuscript which Diderot printed may be read to-day in the statute-book of every progressive nation. After two centuries his bold signature is still legible.

THE WOOD PIGEON.

You can scarcely go into any beech wood now without hearing him give his name very loudly. If he is with many hundreds, the mingled noises amount to a roar like thunder, but if you disturb only one or two, the clattering of their wings as they get up sudden speed is so like the words *Columba palambus* as to do rare honor to the scientific ornithologists who have thus named the wood pigeon. It argues a mighty wing-power that by merely beating the air the pigeons should produce this clatter, for though the two wings beat the same parcel of air together from opposite sides, they do not encompass it as we do when we clap hands. We cannot see even that the wing-tips touch. When the bird flying high overhead suddenly espies a gunner beneath, the power quickens to a whistle, and just the beginning of a clap, though it seems to move no more than the outer half of its wings. All the pigeons are, in spite of considerable disadvantages, strong and clever fliers. It is the peculiar antics of the tumbler pigeon, which delights to throw itself in back somersaults when on the wing, that our insolent aviators have lately taken clumsily to imitate.

"By common consent, the wood pigeon is one of the farmer's chief enemies," says the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries in its monthly "Journal." In fact, the humanitarian has here an uncommonly difficult job to make out a case for it, even in mitigation of damages. He cannot say, as he can in the case of nearly every other vegetarian bird, that it brings up its young upon insects. Even the strictest of vegetarian Rechabites requires a carnivorous food in infancy. Mammals take it in milk, but the mother bird must, often against her own strict food predilection, catch caterpillars for the young in their nest. The caterpillar itself, by the way, makes its first meal of the shell of its egg. There has to be a match struck from outside before we can begin to stoke our bodies on the lower organism. And the pigeon, which will not demean itself to catch caterpillars even for its young, has invented the form of nourishment, called ironically by jealous mammals "pigeon's milk," that is, vegetables predigested in her ample crop.

Few birds have so large a crop. The fish-eaters carry very notable creels, but there is not one of them of the size of the wood pigeon that can stow away as much. Two ounces of barley grains is one sample content. Others are 58 beans, 73 hazel nuts, 838 grains of corn, 76 acorns and a quantity of swede tops, and the amazing record encountered by Archibald of 1,100 grains of corn and 40 peas. Bird digestion is so rapid that even so mighty a cropfull is soon spent. The bird has almost a mania for keeping its crop full. It does not go picking about in all sorts of chance places like the robin, but it likes a field of food to munch at. A newly sown field of corn gives a fairly good chance of a square meal, though each grain has to be pulled up by its blade, and many a blade comes away and gives no grain. Far better is the same field when the ears are in the milk, and a kindly thunderstorm has beaten them flat in places. And when the corn is cut and

piled in stooks to dry a little and await the waggon, the wood pigeons again have their chance. Now they are at work on the beech nuts and the acorns, and some farmers have a respite from their ravaging. It is a poor year of beech "mast," however, and the sop will not stay the legionaries long. In fact, you see them even now quite as often feeding on the fields as in the neighboring woods. Agriculture is first and last the only chance these birds have of maintaining their enormous numbers throughout the year.

You cannot cope with them by counties, for if one such area could be made vacant, they would get knowledge of it even in the ends of Europe, and the flood would keep pouring in. They followed the introduction of the swede and turnip system last century with great intelligence. All the crops of the rotation are suitable to them. The young shoots of clover are nipped off, and the plant, of course, set back by the operation. You need not attend to the thinning of the turnips, for the wood pigeons have a use for the plants as soon as they are in leaf. The roots also they can manage, and they are fully aware of the tonic qualities of turnip tops. So they have spread far into Scotland since the "new agriculture" came in. Severe autumn weather will beat them back here in their myriads, and every winter armies of them come from Scandinavia and other parts of the Continent. The utmost that can be said for them in mitigation of their damage is that for a few weeks they are living on wild fruits, and that at any time they may eat a weed-seed or so among their toll of corn.

There is some satisfaction to the farmer if he can catch (when the landlord is not looking) one of the three hares that have been eating the portion of a sheep all the summer. Here at any rate is a good dish of food out of the wreck. And when a wood pigeon, quite unregarded by the landlord, falls to the gun in autumn, it is a plump and tasty morsel. If it be true that a pigeon can eat its weight of food in a day, the gun will seldom retrieve a fortieth part of the loss that has gone. We must be content with the future loss saved. The pigeon has but two young at a time, but it breeds twice or three times in the year. Wary as is its flight, its nesting arrangements are quite patent. In the old days we kept large houses like hop oasts riddled with holes inside, where hundreds of domestic pigeons made their nests. The young birds taken before they could fly made weekly market-money comparable to that made by hens' eggs. No doubt it dawned on the farmer at length that the birds were not worth the keep they took from the fields, and pigeon houses were one after another abandoned. But an enterprising lad who finds a "quist's" nest in a tree, sometimes watches it till the right moment, and takes the young birds for food. It is one of the ways in which wood pigeons can be kept down.

There are many quite satisfactory ways of getting equal with the wood pigeon by means of the gun. They roost often in large parties, and they always come home head to the wind. An ambush at the roosting-place, therefore, often yields an hour's sport of no mean degree, and the cartridges are a good deal more than paid for. In almost every gunsmith's window there is a well-colored and quite vivacious wooden model of a wood pigeon. It seems to be sold scarcely more often than the bright globes of colored water in the chemist's window. It is, however, a very good investment for anyone who lies in wait for the birds in a hedge of the field of their depredations. The wariness of the wood pigeon has its decided limitations. If one of them has been shot, it can quite easily be so disposed as to appear living to the others, and attract them down to the selected slaughter ground. When some are shot and others fly away, we have not to wait very long for the sky to send others unacquainted with the catastrophe to circle and alight on the ground occupied by their dead and apparently living companions. It is a sport not unlike some forms of wild-fowling, and can obviously be had in places where the chance of a shot at duck or goose never occurs. If the farmer's son has not time and patience to indulge in it, we wonder that more idle young men, either of the village or of the holiday class,

do not get permission to sit in a hedge sometimes, and stop the enemy to mutual advantage.

A succession of mild winters has, in the opinion of many farmers, brought the bird population generally to too high a pitch. There is an especial outcry among fruit growers against the blackbird, and the clouds of sparrows and finches have been very thick this autumn. These have their tribulations in any winter, and a very slight lowering of the temperature would be enough to redress the balance against them. They are also undoubtedly benefactors as well as malefactors, and it is arguable that they do more good than harm. Still less afraid of a moderate winter, the wood pigeon armies mobilise here and there as the storm centres change or the food supply varies, and manage to do very well throughout. It only needs that we should be aware of their uniform mischief and of what plump bags they make, and a heavy scourge on our fields might be materially diminished.

They go to show that, however sustained and well-directed may be the efforts of tutors and political officers, based upon long experience, to impart both physical and moral strength and fibre to princely youths during boyhood, they do not afford a certain guarantee that after the heirs of princedoms have attained their majority and become free agents they will invariably do well. While the system has been singularly successful for the most part, these young men occasionally succumb to the temptations to self-indulgence and vice, systematically placed in their way by those whose interest it is to make them mere puppets, so that the real power may be in other hands, or to bring them to an early grave in the interests of the next-of-kin. These painful facts, though well known to anyone brought into contact with Native State intrigues, cannot be readily understood or grasped in this country, and hence it is possible to raise outrages of the present kind, and to turn them to account in efforts to decry and weaken the beneficent work of Great Britain in India.—Yours, &c.,
JUSTICE.

London, October 15th, 1913.

Letters to the Editor.

"KIDNAPPING BY ORDER."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am reluctant to continue a controversy which does not deserve the prominence accorded it in your columns; but I hope I may be permitted, without going into considerable detail, to reply to your correspondent, "Fairplay." I do not belong to, and am not concerned to defend, "the Indian bureaucracy"; but I am "eager" for the welfare and conservation of the Native States. Your correspondent charges me with "irrelevant generalities." I note, however, that neither his letter nor your editorial footnote to my own makes any serious attempt to challenge the principle underlying the action of the Bombay Government—viz., that the paramount Power is morally bound to make provision for the proper education and training of minor chiefs as a necessary corollary of guaranteeing to them the right to rule. The question at issue is therefore simply that of the wisdom and justice of measures taken by the Bombay Government to fulfil this duty in the case of the boy Nawab of Junagadh.

Despite "Fairplay's" assertion to the contrary, I adhere to the statement, for which I had ample ground, that the young chief has come to this country on a holiday visit in accordance with his own strongly-expressed desire. Not only so, but his paternal male relatives (uncles and great-uncles), most of whom are themselves ruling chiefs, agreed to this step as being the wisest course in the circumstances. This is a factor of great importance in the case of a fatherless Moslem youth. It is to be regretted that his mother did not share their view, but, so far from the boy being ruthlessly and suddenly torn from her side—as the use of the phrase "Kidnapping by Order" seems to suggest—the Governor's decision that the trip to England should be taken was made known to her six months before the boy's departure, and the fullest and most patient consideration was given to her objections. I am no advocate of "denationalizing" young Indians, whether of princely or humbler rank, and it is absurd to suggest that this is likely to result from a visit to this country of twelve months—or at the most eighteen months'—duration. In all probability the young Chief will be back in Junagadh next spring, with his health improved, his moral fibre strengthened, and his outlook greatly broadened by his contact, under judicious and affectionate control and guidance, with Western life. It will then be for the Bombay Government to decide, in consultation with his relatives, as to the best methods of completing his education and training, free from the unfavorable surroundings in which he might be placed if the paramount Power neglected its obligations in respect to him.

I am well aware that the early death of the elder son of the late Nawab was due to drink; but it is most ungenerous and misleading to suggest that the habit was contracted by reason of association with English tutors. This case and that of the young Chief of Radhanpur convey a lesson entirely opposite to the one suggested by "Fairplay."

A CHALLENGE TO LIBERALS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I write to thank you for the honorable candor that has distinguished you from the rest of the Liberal official press in dealing with certain terrible official dangers; but especially for having said, some little time ago, that the Secret Party Fund is capable of tainting politics. I also write to ask you to grant me this space to ask a plain question of all Liberals, high or low (and all Conservatives, too, for doubtless many of them read your paper): "Are you or are you not in favor of an instant public audit of the funds of both political parties; and, if not, why not?" I think it would be an excellent thing if you could have a symposium; if not, I must be content with a challenge.

I ask you to note that this point stands apart, in one respect, from such things as the Marconi matter; on which I cannot reasonably expect you to take so strong a view as I do. However conclusive I may think the Marconi controversy, at least there has been a controversy. If any man can believe that Sir Rufus Isaacs's pre-judicial parley with two of his judges was an accidental chat that left their cold thirst for truth unpeased, that man is justified in stating that belief, and does state it. It seems to me an extraordinary explanation; but it is an explanation. If any man holds that a representative ruler of men, asked whether he has done something, is justified in implying a general negative, because he did it in America, that man is free to think so and say so. It seems to me a highly immoral theory; but it is a theory. But what is the theory of the Party Funds? Can anybody tell me any reason for their being unaudited that is not a shameful reason? Can anybody write down on this page any political theory that will excuse the most politically public of all corporations being the most financially private? Ought the central power in politics to have no balance-sheet, when that power is the only thing that can make anybody else have a balance-sheet? Will some of your readers answer me? I will risk being informed that I am too unimportant to answer: it is my question that is important, and not I. But if nobody answers, I shall simply conclude that the very worst that has been said by anybody about modern Party Government is true.

I do not ask you to form that conclusion; I only ask you to give me this public opportunity of forming that conclusion for myself; or, as I still faintly hope, the other conclusion.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

October 16th, 1913.

"BIRTH-RATE A FALLACY AND A PITFALL."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Permit me to drive further home Mr. Mundella's spirited protest in your issue of last week, from which I take the words at the head of this letter. I wish to point out that eminent speakers at Church Congresses, who deplore the condition of things revealed (as they suppose) by the Registrar-General's returns, would do well if, before giving way to depression, they carefully considered the meaning of the words they use. For what is a rate? A rate is a ratio or proportion, involving the comparison of at least two

terms. Its best-known example is the speed-rate, which is expressed by the two terms, "So many miles per hour." A Poor-rate involves three terms. It is, for a given area, so much in the £ per head of the persons legally chargeable within that area. "Per head of the persons" introduces a third and fluctuating factor, which, in strictness, requires to be dealt with by the law of averages.

The birth-rate, so far as disclosed by the official returns, has, like the speed-rate, two terms only—viz., the relation between the number of children born during a given year, and the number of persons of both sexes and of all ages living, or assumed to be living, in that same year. But the birth-rate would, like the Poor-rate, have more than two terms if the mental and physical qualities of these children were taken into account. In other words, the proportion which such of them as are afflicted at birth by congenital disease bear to the total population would have to be ascertained in order to give to the birth-rate its real significance. Of this proportion, however, the Registrar-General has, and can have, no knowledge. The feeble-minded, the crippled, the tuberculous, the victims of the "white scourge," are all alike welcome grist to his statistical mill.

We can now note the strangely opposite results which the word "birth-rate" may yield. Suppose the number of babies born in any year to be 5 per cent. of the total population living in that year, and suppose this same population to be 4 per cent. in excess of that of the previous year, then, instead of a "falling" birth-rate we should have a "rising" one; but by that very circumstance it would be made evident that the nation, as a whole, had degenerated, the "rise" being not a blessing but a curse.

What, then, is to be done with a phrase at once so elastic, so ambiguous, and therefore so misleading as "the falling birth-rate"? Surely, to cease to employ it as a basis of argument, and when presented as such, no matter by whom, to treat it as base coin, and nail it to the counter.—Yours, &c.,

MONTAGUE CRACKANTHORPE.

Newbiggin Hall, Westmorland.

October 14th, 1913.

THE TAXATION OF LAND.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—There is a land tax of 4s. in the £ levied on a valuation made in 1692. Would some of your readers tell us what a land tax of 4s. in the £ would realize if made on a valuation of to-day? Would not such a tax relieve agricultural land?—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR W. JEPHSON.

Ecton Rectory, Northampton.

October 13th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am afraid that in my letter on this subject I must have sacrificed lucidity to brevity, or Mr. C. W. Tomkinson would hardly have written as he has done. The main basis of his letter is the statement that "E. M. apparently overlooks the fact that there is only one method by which the production of the soil and the income from it can be increased, and that is by the expenditure of capital upon it." If the word "labor" were substituted for "capital" this would be about the truth; but, as the sentence stands, it embodies a widespread but groundless delusion. Take the case, for instance, mentioned in my last letter, and it is only one of thousands. The farmer is willing to find his own plough and to increase the production of the land tenfold by cultivating the soil instead of leaving it in worn-out pasture. He wants nothing from the landlord except that he should get out of his daylight. Indeed, he is willing to pay the landlord double the rent he is now paying if only he may kill off the pheasants and hares and so secure himself any crops he may grow.

This belief in the necessity of the expenditure of large sums of capital before the land can be made productive has probably been fostered by landlords themselves—to show what useful members of society they are; but there is absolutely nothing in it. I could show Mr. Tomkinson village communities in Switzerland and in Savoy where the poorest of poor land is admirably farmed, to the last pitch of perfection as far as production is concerned, with infinite labor certainly, but quite without capital. And this land supports a large population, happy and healthy, poor but

prosperous, because they are free and independent. (Far better land in Scotland supports a few deer only.) With a little aid from their neighbors they build their own comfortable wooden houses, and when any large works have to be undertaken, such as draining or building long walls to ward off the avalanches, then everyone helps and the work is soon done. *Co-operation takes the place of capital*, and is infinitely more valuable.

In our Colonies also I have seen raw, rough land in a state of Nature changed into highly productive farms by years of hard work without any money capital whatever, and this is a vastly more difficult feat than the good farming of an old country like England. Let Labor have full access to land and also security of tenure, and it will make the wilderness blossom as the rose without any "expenditure of capital." This expenditure would, no doubt, expedite the desired end, but it is absolutely unnecessary.

The main object of a real land tax is not to raise money so much as to persuade landowners that they cannot afford to withdraw "their" land from cultivation, and so prevent Labor from making it productive. That this "land tax" is not truly a tax at all, but merely the community retaining for its own purposes a portion of the economic rent which it creates itself year by year, it would be easy to show. All taxes increase the cost and the price of the articles taxed, and must necessarily do so. A land tax, of course, reduces the price of land because it reduces the net income which an owner can hope to obtain from it. So some other term than "tax" should be used for it; but, whatever the name, there is no doubt that the chief results of such a policy would be a great reduction in the selling price of land, a great increase in the production of the soil, and a diminution in the numbers of our country-folk continually being driven into the cities, and of our young emigrants who are being driven across the seas.

In reply to Mr. Tomkinson's request for "details," I would suggest, for a beginning, an annual tax of a penny in the pound on the capital value of all land, omitting buildings and all recent improvements. I paid that amount for years in New Zealand. The sum may seem small, but it would soon grow when the people began to realize that a means of raising money had been found that was absolutely just (for it was their own money), and one that would be no bar to production, but quite the reverse.—Yours, &c.,

Hale, Cheshire.

E. M.

THE TREATMENT OF THE ULSTER PROBLEM.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All sorts of suggestions have been made to solve the problem of Home Rule, and how best to meet the present crisis.

As an Ulsterman (Protestant) and an Irishman, I venture to make the following suggestion: Have an Irish Parliament either in Dublin or Armagh (the ecclesiastical capital of Ireland) with legislative powers; give to each of the four Irish provinces—Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connnaught—greatly increased administrative powers—i.e., control of education, public health, agriculture, fisheries, private Bills, police, &c.; each of the provinces to have the right of appeal to the British Parliament in case any measure were passed by the Irish Parliament which dealt unfairly with, or pressed unduly on, any particular province. By this means Ulster, or any of the provinces, could deal with any over-taxation or other disability if ever such (which is unlikely) should be imposed on it.

Each province at present has its own University, and separate University treatment has already been given by Mr. Birrell to Ulster.

Ireland has many urgent problems awaiting solution, especially those of public health and the organization of young industries, nationalization of canals and railways, &c. To take one instance only, there is no proper public health service in Ireland; if such were established and administrative powers given to each province, a medical officer of health, with a sanitary staff, appointed for each county, with medical school inspectors co-operating, the present death-rate of Ireland, which is lamentable, could be materially cut down and an impetus given to the present tendency of the population to stop decreasing.

This solution of the Irish problem would be in keeping

with the old traditions of the country, for in the old days Ireland had its four sub-kingdoms—Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught—with the High King at Tara in the regal kingdom of Meath.

The application of this, the old solution of the "Irish question," perhaps is worth more than a passing consideration at the present crisis.—Yours, &c.,

PROTESTANT ULMSTERMAN.

October 15th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—It might be well to have fifty nominated members in the first Irish House of Commons. These fifty should be named in the Bill, and should be mainly Protestants, since the whole object of the proposal is to provide an additional security against the dangers which Ulster Protestants fear. Liberals and Home Rulers might be willing to make this concession, inasmuch as it would apply only to the first Parliament. If the Irish justified the fears of Ulster, and it became necessary for the Imperial Parliament to intervene, the task would be simplified by so strong a reinforcement of the Protestant minority in the Irish legislature. Another advantage of this scheme is that in the early days of the Home Rule experiment there would be an added protection of the Minority.

Ulster will not accept so purely temporary an advantage, so long as she believes that she can defeat Home Rule. But as soon as the Unionists realize that the Bill is bound to pass, they would surely welcome such a mitigation of what they regard as a disaster. In form, the mitigation would be temporary; but it would have, from the Unionist point of view, this advantage, that it would also improve the chance of revising the settlement, if that settlement works as badly as Unionists fear.—Yours, &c.,

J. E. SYMES.

83, Earl's Court Road, W.
October 15th, 1913.

"MAN AND WOMAN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Sir Ronald Ross, though a man of science, does not seem to me to do justice to his colleague's, Sir Almroth Wright's, arguments against woman suffrage, for a reason which I will notice presently. But one sentence in his article on this subject, in the current number of THE NATION, is especially worth notice. Touching on the physical inferiority of women and the truth that all government rests ultimately on force, he says: "It may be argued that a highly complex intellectual structure of civilization has now been built upon the original barbaric basis of force." This is quite true. But the most important element in all this new structure is the sentiment of chivalry which has in reality pervaded the whole of society. Even the wife-beater, in his sober moments and in the case of another man, feels a scorn for the man, "as 'tis a woman." I am told by those who know the working class well that anything of the nature of wife-beating is, on the whole, considered such "bad form," that female drunkenness has of late increased through its disuse. And nobody, I think, who has any knowledge of human nature, can fail to recognize that the strong (I had almost written "violent") advocacy of woman suffrage by a peculiarly intellectual and sensitive type of man arises from the same sentiment of chivalry.

Now it is an antecedent condition of this sentiment of chivalry that there should be a separation in function between men and women, including the exclusion of the latter from public life. I cannot argue that point at length; but I think most calm-minded men or women will see that it is the case. And it is because women must, from this point of view, be treated as a class, that Sir Ronald Ross's argument of "averages" is not effective. That which most offends those of us who are opposed to woman suffrage is the "unsportsman-like" fashion in which the chivalry of our sex is turned against us by the suffragettes and their male friends. A policeman's truncheon or a porter's fist would soon put a check to window-breaking by males. And I hope that a good many of us would read with calmness that a male incendiary had starved himself to death in prison. But it is agreed (and I approve the sentiment) that the same law

cannot be applied to women. Hence (not, I believe, in any sense of justice in their cause), such success as has come to the "movement."—Yours, &c.,

C. F. KEARY.

October 14th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Sir Ronald Ross, in his review of Sir Almroth Wright's recent humorous book, remarks that it is "not a scientific treatise." Apparently the new and interesting method of "diacritical" judgment is to base its premisses on ideas of what may or may not happen when women obtain the franchise, and to refuse absolutely to inquire carefully into what has happened where women exercise the vote. Such scientific methods obviously add to the gaiety of humanity, relieving us from the duty of ascertaining facts, and admitting us to the charmed realms of romance. In Australia and New Zealand, our "diacritical" doctor's statement that woman suffrage in the Colonies "still further debases the standard of public efficiency and public morals," will be received with smiles, and due regard for a London medical man's diagnosis of a healthy and absent patient. That the "voting of women would be an unsettling element in the government of the State," as women would "only very seldom come to the poll," is completely disproved by the experience of New Zealand—a country where I have spent twelve years. Since women won the franchise in New Zealand, there have been seven general elections; at the first one woman voted in the proportion of 85·18, and men electors 69·61; afterwards women voters never fell below 74·52, and at the last General Election their numbers were 82·57. These figures do not show that women do not value the franchise, or only vote according to their emotional state.

Instead of quoting Nietzsche, who died in a lunatic asylum, Sir Almroth Wright might, with advantage, have consulted the works of a medical contemporary, who is recognized by all scientists as a competent authority on sex matters, and who is, curiously enough, on the side of the woman suffragist. I refer to Havelock Ellis. In "The Task of Social Hygiene," Havelock Ellis says of New Zealand (where women have alarmed the universe by voting for twenty years!) that the real natural increase of the population, and the manner in which it is attained, place New Zealand at "the van of civilization." New Zealand has the lowest death-rate in the world, and the lowest infantile death-rate, and these remarkable figures will be further reduced, for New Zealand women voters, instead of rushing to Parliament to demand unjust favors, are forming Health Societies in every town and village, in order to instruct women and girls in hygiene, and so gradually educate the young nation in the eugenic ideal.

Against Sir Almroth Wright's meditations, one may set these sentences by Havelock Ellis: "The most vital problem before our civilization to-day is the problem of motherhood, the question of creating the human beings best fitted for modern life, the practical realization of a sound eugenics. . . . We are here at the core of the woman's movement. And the full fruition of that movement means that women, by virtue of their supremacy in this matter, shall take their proper share in legislation for life, not as mere sexless human beings, but as women, and in accordance with the essential laws of their own nature as women."—Yours, &c.,

L. E. BRACHER.

Lancaster House, Upper Bedford Place, W.C.

October 14th, 1913.

METHODS OF PROVOCATION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR.—Parliament is not sitting, and it may rest in some measure with the Liberal Press to determine whether the Home Office shall carry out its decision to resume the forcible feeding of suffragist prisoners. An official announcement states that this discarded method will once more be used against persons guilty of serious violence. It has already been applied to one remand prisoner charged with burning down an empty house. Her case has not yet been tried, and, whatever the facts may be, those who administer

the law have no right to assume as yet that she has been guilty of any degree of violence. It is more important, however, to raise the broad question of policy and humanity than to discuss this special instance.

When the subject was last debated in the House of Commons, opinion was unanimous. No one defended this cruel, degrading, and dangerous practice, and everyone was relieved to learn that it had been abandoned. A few months have passed, and the Home Office has apparently forgotten the experience which led to its abandonment. One man lost his reason, and a young woman was hurriedly released at the point of death. Pressed, as it was, until many of the prisoners who endured it became nervous wrecks, it still failed of its purpose. It never was possible for the authorities to keep a prisoner under this torture for more than a few days, or, in rare cases, for a few weeks. A method of punishment ruinous to health, dangerous to life, and revolting to the instincts of the community, it does not fulfil its assumed purpose. It does not, in short, enable the Home Office to enforce a long sentence. For its revival no adequate reason can be urged, even from the standpoint of those who have faith in coercion. What the psychological effect of reviving it must be, anyone can predict who has the slightest understanding of this movement. It may be that some of the women who commit the graver militant offences are acting from a cold calculation, and believe that methods of terrorism will win the vote. For one who acts singly and solely from this motive, there are probably half-a-dozen whose main purpose is to protest against the brutalities practised against their comrades and their leaders. From this just indignation springs in great measure the emotional force of the movement in its recent developments.

It seems as if the authorities deliberately played with this motive. It is not long since they arrested Mrs. Pankhurst at the funeral of a woman who had given her life for the cause. It is now the usual practice to arrest the leaders at their meetings after a struggle, which is necessarily a revolting spectacle, carried out before the eyes of men and women who are already predisposed to resentment. Every such spectacle is a direct provocation, and it is difficult to conceive of a stupidity which is unable to foresee this result. To these repeated, public, dramatic provocations there is now added the knowledge that some of these women are being tortured in gaol. If the Home Office desired to drive the militants to extremes, if it wanted to multiply militant acts, if it wished to make a war of terrorism it could adopt no surer means.—Yours, &c.,

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

12, King's Bench Walk, E.C.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—All Liberal Suffragists will learn with profound disgust that Mr. McKenna proposes to adopt forcible feeding in the case of Mrs. Richardson and Miss Peace. I have nothing to say in praise or defence of these or any other militant women. But like many others who are no more inclined to encourage political arson, I cannot understand why a policy which has been so recently and so widely condemned should be resumed in this case. Force feeding, when it was first introduced, was treated by Parliament and the public as a good joke. The only consequence of the original policy was to convert comparatively harmless into comparatively dangerous disorder. The temper of the militant agitation was incredibly inflamed, and Mr. Churchill wisely introduced reforms into the prison system which made force feeding unnecessary, and allayed the bitter and vindictive spirit which it had produced. The Home Office was at that time warned by a person who knew the facts, that any resumption of the process would be followed by attempts at arson. In the face of that warning Mr. McKenna introduced force feeding once more, and the first of his victims attempted to set fire to a theatre in Dublin. Before this fatal step was taken, the amount of property destroyed by the militant women was about £5,000. The amount destroyed by them since, in one-fifth of the time, is perhaps a hundred times as great, and those who are committing crimes are more determined, more vindictive, and less capable of management than ever.

This corruption of the temper of the agitation is due, as everybody who has studied it closely knows, to the second adoption of force feeding, coming as a climax to a series of refusals to give facilities to Suffrage Bills. A few months ago, the "Cat-and-Mouse" Bill was passed into law. I heard the debate on the second reading, and was surprised, if not displeased, to hear the chorus of disapproval of force feeding which rose from all parts of the House. It was denounced as "brutal," "disgusting," "loathsome," and "horrible," and not a single member (so far as I heard) had a good word to say for it. The Bill was welcomed even by those who did not believe that it would effect its purpose, at least as an alternative to what all regarded as a bad policy.

We are now given to understand that even this *tardy wisdom* is to be abandoned; that the old methods are to be resumed, and that fresh poison is to be administered to an already dangerous and anti-social temper. What is to be gained? Are these two women to be forcibly fed till they die? If they are, why is it right or desirable to do this now, when it was admitted to be wrong and undesirable during the debate on the "Cat-and-Mouse" Bill? If they are to be released after being forcibly fed to the brink of death, why was the "Cat-and-Mouse" Bill ever passed into law? If, as is obviously the case, force feeding once served only to exasperate and inflame its victims and their associates, to drive them from one degree of crime to a worse, to turn enthusiasts into fanatics, and fanatics into criminals, why should it have any other effect now?

Force feeding never assisted the Government to maintain order or to protect property. It increased disorder, and provoked new and more costly methods of destruction of property. It aggravated that very state of affairs which it was the duty of the Government to abolish. In spite of all experience, and apparently for no other reason than that his alternative policy has been as great a failure as his original policy, Mr. McKenna is now going back from the one to the other. It was never successful before, and he has no reason to suppose that it will be successful now.

The matter is not merely one of futile brutality in administration—it is only another example of Mr. McKenna's capriciousness and partiality. Everybody remembers how, after boasting of his intention to make no concessions, he promoted Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, the organizers of conspiracy, to the First Division, and kept the other members of their Union, their tools and instruments, in the Second; how he released one woman because her brother promised she would not offend again, and detained others whose brothers had not the same ease of access to himself; how he released Miss Evelyn Sharp and Lady Sybil Smith, as determined militants as any, and kept others in prison; how he prosecuted for conspiracy Mrs. Sanders and Miss Kerr, who were hardly more guilty than their office-boy, and re-arrested them under the "Cat-and-Mouse" Act, when Mrs. Pankhurst was allowed to make violent public speeches and to leave England with the publicity of an Ambassador. Now he selects for objects of his special severity two subordinates, one of whom has an infinitely less bad record than the other. If these are to be forcibly fed, why was Mrs. Pankhurst allowed to go abroad? Who is the head and front of the dangerous conspiracy with which he is faced? Who inspires all its members with courage and resolution? Who draws from the pockets of the public most of the money by which it is supported? Who rouses the greatest excitement among those who give moral encouragement to the actual criminals? The answer to all these questions is "Mrs. Pankhurst." If anybody should be visited with the utmost severity which the law allows, it is the militant leader. But she is not even re-arrested under the "Cat-and-Mouse" Act, and is allowed to speak and write and travel abroad as if she were the Prime Minister himself. Mr. McKenna is, of course, aware that to apply force feeding to her, or to keep her in prison till she died, would drive her followers to actions still more desperate. But there is one thing more unwise than the killing of the leader of a political agitation, and that is to discriminate in favor of the greater offenders against the less. In thus oppressing Mrs. Richardson and Miss Peace, he is doing what Mr. Birrell would do if he prosecuted obscure Orangemen for sedition and left Sir Edward Carson alone. He convinces his rebellious subjects, not that he

[October 18, 1913.]

will not, but that he dare not, enforce the law where the offender is powerful. He will be avowedly doing injustice in doing justice.—Yours, &c.,

W. LYON BLEASE.

2, Harrington Street, Liverpool.
October 16th, 1913.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the last paragraph of "Events of the Week," in your issue of October 11th, you suggest, by implication, that forcible feeding is "torture." If this is the case, don't you think it would be well that you should draw the attention of the Government to the fact that the Commissioners in Lunacy are daily permitting those placed under their care to be "tortured"? You might also further the cause which you have so much at heart if you were to persuade these wild women (1) that they should convince the electorate generally that they should be given the right to vote, and (2) that they should learn to "play cricket." I can assure you that their aversion to "playing the game" alienates the sympathy of a vast number.—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD H. NOOTT, M.B.

"Mullion," Bognor.

"PLEASE DON'T KILL US!"*To the Editor of THE NATION*

SIR,—May I venture, through your columns, to make a suggestion to the Dunton Green villagers in their sorry plight? It is simply that they should cut a sloping groove, about four or five inches deep, across the road at the entrance to the village. This would be sufficient to give a severe shaking to occupants of a motor-car travelling at more than ten miles an hour, and break an axle of a car going over twenty, and there would be a very considerable chance of entirely wrecking one going over thirty miles an hour. If the villagers have any Christian feeling for their devastators left in their hearts, they might mitigate the dangers of this course of action by notices at the entrances to the village; but that is a detail upon which no outsider can presume to dictate.

My experience of motoring in France, where these gutters or "caniveaux" are not infrequently outside villages, leads me to make this suggestion. It probably involves the villagers taking the law into their own hands, which I gather from your article they are prepared to do, presumably with brickbats. But I suggest that my proposal would prove a more subtle but equally efficacious way of dealing with sanguinary road-hogs.—Yours, &c.,

MOTORIST.

October 14th, 1913.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN'S LIBRARY.*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—It is with much regret I notice that the library of the late Professor Edward Dowden is to come under the auctioneer's hammer, and so this unique Shakespearian library is likely not only to be lost to Ireland, but also to be broken up as well.

Many of us remember with gratitude the generous manner in which Professor Dowden permitted his students to make use of it, and will be correspondingly sorry that such a valuable asset should ever leave the walls of Dublin.

Probably the Board of Trinity College have not seen their way to purchasing it—it must have been offered to them first. Perhaps, then, some wealthy lover of literature will rise to the occasion, save it from dispersal, and restore it to the home it has occupied for so many years. Surely, there must be some lover of literature left amongst us capable of the necessary golden energy required for this.—Yours, &c.,

J. JOHNSTON ABRAHAM.

79, Wimpole Street, W.
October 13th, 1913.

[We hope that some effort will be made to do what Dr. Abraham suggests and preserve Professor Dowden's library from dispersion.—ED., NATION]

LIBERALS AND THE SECOND CHAMBER.*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—Has it not occurred to Mr. Whitaker that the fact that almost every civilized country has a Second Chamber points to the need for such an institution? Popular assemblies are notoriously subject to gusts of political passion, and need, on that account, the restraining influence of a calmer and more deliberate "Senate."

In our own country, however, the need of a Second Chamber is enhanced by our very rough-and-ready system of election to the House of Commons. Where parties are fairly evenly balanced, it follows of necessity that nearly half the electors in every constituency are unrepresented in Parliament; and it would be quite possible for a Unionist body, for instance, numbering but two-thirds of the nation, to secure a majority in the House of two to one as the result of a favorable geographical distribution. Will Mr. Whitaker maintain, in the face of such a possibility as this, that a Second Chamber is unnecessary?—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

October 14th, 1913.

THE CHILDREN'S THEATRE.*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—We should be grateful if you would allow us to draw attention through your columns to the Children's Theatre, which, during the Christmas holidays, will present plays for children, played by children. In order to inaugurate this new movement the promoters have arranged a series of Children's Theatre Tea Parties, which will be open to the public. The first of these will be held on October 25th, from three o'clock to six, at Queen's Gate Hall, Harrington Road, South Kensington. Two children's ballets will be performed, one designed and taught by a little girl: these will be followed by wordless plays, whistling solos, and solo dances by children. There will also be a selection of Greek dances. Tickets for the Tea Party and all information concerning the Children's Theatre can be obtained from Mrs. Percy Dearmer, 7, Elsworthy Road, N.W.—Yours etc.,

MABEL DEARMER.
NETTA SYRETT.

October 14, 1913.

Poetry.**STARLINGS ON THE ROOF.**

(MOVING HOUSE, MICHAELMAS.)

"No smoke spreads out of this chimney-pot,
The people who lived here have left the spot,
And others are coming who knew them not."

"If you listen anon, with an ear intent,
The voices, you'll find, will be different
From the well-known ones of those who went."

"Why did they go? Their tones so bland
Were quite familiar to our band;
Fresh comers we shall not understand."

"They look for a new life, strenuous, strange;
They do not know that, let them range
Wherever they may, they will get no change;

"They will drag their furniture ever so far
In their search for a home no miseries mar:
They will find that as they were they are,

"That every hearth has a ghost, slack!
And can be but the scene of a bivouac
For a painful halt till the time to pack!"

THOMAS HARDY.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Land: The Report of the Land Inquiry Committee." Vol. I. "Rural." (Hodder & Stoughton. 1s. net.)
- "The Life and Letters of the Fourth Earl of Clarendon." By Sir Herbert Maxwell. (Arnold. 2 vols. 30s. net.)
- "Spanish Islam: A History of the Moslems in Spain." By Reinhart Dozy. Translated by F. G. Stokes. (Chatto & Windus. 21s. net.)
- "Wild Life Across the World." By Cherry Kearton. (Hodder & Stoughton. 20s. net.)
- "The Country of 'The Ring and the Book.'" By Sir Frederick Treves. (Cassell. 15s. net.)
- "The House of Lords in the Reign of William III." By A. S. Turberville. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "The Teaching of Paul in Terms of the Present Day." By Sir W. M. Ramsay. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.)
- "Bohemian Days in Fleet Street." By a Journalist. (John Long. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Good and Bad Trade: An Inquiry into the Causes of Trade Fluctuations." By R. G. Hawtrey. (Constable. 6s. net.)
- "Mechanism, Life, and Personality." By J. S. Haldane. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "R. L. S." By Francis Watt. (Methuen. 6s. net.)
- "Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy." (Constable. 14s. net.)
- "Women of the Cell and Cloister." By Ethel Rolt Wheeler. (Methuen. 6s. net.)
- "The Gentle Lover." By Forrest Reid. (Arnold. 6s.)
- "Napoléon et La Vendée." Par Emile Gabory. (Paris: Perrin. 5 fr.)
- "Les Blés Mouvants." Poèmes. Par Emile Verhaeren. (Paris: Mercure de France. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Le Vieux Garain." Roman. Par Gaston Roupnel. (Paris: Fasquelle. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Die Reformation: Ein Stück aus Deutschlands Weltgeschichte." Von T. Brieger. (Berlin: Ullstein. M. 5.)

* * *

SOME attractive literary biographies are to appear within the next few weeks. Towards the end of the month we shall have Mr. Everard Meynell's "Life of Francis Thompson" from Messrs. Burns & Oates. Our readers have already been made acquainted with the scope of the book, which is said by those who have had an opportunity of judging to do full justice to its subject. It is particularly rich in recollections of those who knew Thompson intimately, as well as in extracts from his copious note-books and diaries.

* * *

It is a far cry from Thompson to Prior, but Mr. Francis Bickley's "Life of Matthew Prior," to be published by the firm of Pitman, promises to be a useful contribution to the political and diplomatic history of the English Augustan age. Mr. Bickley's book is the first full biography of Prior, and it makes use of unpublished papers as well as the considerable mass of his correspondence which has only been accessible within recent years.

* * *

Books of recollections are still very much the vogue, and in Lord Suffield's "My Memories," announced by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, we ought to have an entertaining volume. Lord Suffield's memories go back as far as Coke of Norfolk and the Duke of Wellington. He tells anecdotes of these and of many other great Victorians with whom he came into contact during his long association with the Court and close personal friendship with King Edward. As might have been expected from a man whose riding was praised by Whyte Melville, he has a good deal to say about sport and sportsmen. His book, which has been edited by Miss Alys Lowth, is almost ready for publication.

* * *

POLITICS will naturally occupy a large section of the "Social and Political Reminiscences" of Lady Southwark which Messrs. Williams & Norgate have in the press. Lady Southwark—perhaps she will be more readily recognized as Mrs. Causton—has worked hard for the party which her husband served as Whip, and among those of whom she writes are Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. James Bryce, Lord Loreburn, and other Liberal statesmen, as well as such men as Canon Ainger and Sir John Day, who frequented political society without taking any active part in politics. Lady Southwark has for years been one of the chief Liberal entertainers, and she has known most of the

people who have made or interested themselves in the party's fortunes.

* * *

"DANDIES AND MEN OF LETTERS" is the title of a coming volume by an American writer, Mr. Leon H. Vincent. It consists of a series of studies of the careers and personalities of those English men of letters who were conspicuous both in society and in literature during the early years of the nineteenth century. There is much about the dandies and their doings in Captain Gronow's amusing "Reminiscences" and in some of Captain Jesse's volumes, while a French writer, M. Boutet de Monvel, recently studied them in a volume which has appeared in an English version. But the subject is not yet exhausted, and Mr. Vincent's researches among old diaries and letters ought to give fresh currency to some capital anecdotes.

* * *

ANOTHER American writer, Professor L. V. Boyer, is giving us a study of "The Villain as Hero in Elizabethan Drama." Its aim is to trace and estimate the influence of Machiavelli and Machiavellism on the Elizabethan dramatists from Marlowe onwards, and we are told that Professor Boyer has marshalled his facts in the best manner of recent American scholarship—a manner which in thoroughness, and, we fear, sometimes in dryness, rivals the best efforts of the Germans. The book will be published by Messrs. Routledge.

* * *

THE desire to read history in contemporary documents is gaining ground, and Professor Pollard's "The Reign of Henry VII. from Contemporary Sources," announced by Messrs. Longmans, is sure of a welcome. The work will be in three volumes, the first of which will be confined to narrative extracts. Another book, on somewhat similar lines, is Mr. Frank Mumby's "Elizabeth and Mary Stuart: the First Phase of their Rivalry," though Mr. Mumby confines himself as far as possible to contemporary letters describing the growth of the feud between the two Queens, and the intrigues that marked the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. Mr. Mumby has already employed this method with decided success in his books on "The Youth of Henry VIII." and "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth." His coming volume will be published by Messrs. Constable.

* * *

THE first number of "War and Peace" is a great success, and we congratulate its promoters on having secured excellent contributions by Lord Loreburn, Mr. Alfred Noyes, Mr. Paul Dix, and others, as well as on the clever cartoon by Mr. H. M. Bateman. Although the journal is an organ of "Norman Angellism," we understand that Mr. Norman Angell has no editorial control, and is, in fact, merely a contributor. Of course, its aim and policy have his approval.

* * *

A FRESH batch of five volumes in the "Home and University Library" will be published next week by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. Two of them, Professor Gilbert Murray's "Euripides and His Age" and Mr. H. N. Brailsford's "Shelley, Godwin, and their Circle," will appeal to lovers of literature. Social science is represented by Mr. Aneurin Williams's "Co-Partnership and Profit-Sharing," while the remaining volumes are Sir John Murray's "The Ocean" and Professor Fraser Harris's book on "Nerves."

* * *

IN addition to the usual mass of Christmas color-books, the number of elaborate monographs on the work of famous artists seems likely to be a feature of the present publishing season. Messrs. Macmillan have in the press "The Art of Botticelli: An Essay in Interpretation" by Mr. Lawrence Binyon, which will contain an original etching by Mr. Muirhead Bone, as well as a large number of colotype reproductions from Botticelli; Mr. Lane announces "The Works of John Hopper, R.A.," by Mr. W. McKay and Mr. W. Roberts; a volume on "Hans Holbein, the Younger" by Mr. A. B. Chamberlain is to come from Messrs. Allen; and Mr. Herbert Jenkins has already issued "Leonardo da Vinci" by Dr. Jens Thiis. Lastly, Mr. Heinemann is to publish "French Color-Prints of the Eighteenth Century" by Mr. Malcolm Salaman, and a fine illustrated "Catalogue of the Collection of Sir Frederick Cook."

Reviews.

THE PERFECT DIPLOMAT.

"Lord Lyons: A Record of British Diplomacy." By the Right Hon. LORD NEWTON. (Arnold. Two Volumes. 30s. net.)

LORD LYONS is now forgotten; yet he does not deserve to be. "In the opinion of the statesman who, amongst living Englishmen, is the most competent to judge," says his biographer, referring, perhaps, to Lord Rosebery, "he was the great Ambassador who has represented this country in modern times." Certainly, Lord Lyons had a great diplomatic career. It was his fate always to be in the storm-centre. He was our representative at Washington during the period of the Civil War. Then, after a brief and unequalled interlude at Constantinople, he went to Paris. He entered that Embassy three years before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War, and remained there until the collapse of Boulanger, twenty years later. Thus he focussed, as it were, in himself almost the whole of British foreign policy for well over a generation. When Lord Salisbury formed his Government in 1886, he wanted Lord Lyons to become his Foreign Secretary. "There is no one," he wrote to him, "possessing the experience and knowledge of foreign affairs that you have, and no one whose appointment would exercise so great a moral authority in Europe." It was perfectly true. But the veteran Ambassador declined on the grounds of age and failing health. He died the next year. Yet it is doubtful whether he would have accepted the honor that was offered him at any period of his life. He was an Ambassador and not a politician. In those days, foreign affairs were not supposed to be outside the scope of Parliamentary interest, and a Foreign Secretary was mainly judged by his oratorical gifts and his aptitude in debate. Had experience and sound judgment been the sole test, Lord Lyons would have made an ideal Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

If this great Ambassador's reputation has been overshadowed by that of more showy or brilliant contemporaries, it is precisely because of the peculiar merits and limitations that made him a great Ambassador. In an active diplomat, show and brilliance, in the ordinary sense, are apt to be out of place. So far from being virtues, these qualities might be a public nuisance, and very likely an actual danger. The perfect Ambassador should be either an anodyne or a sedative influence; never an excitant. In other words, he should be almost without a personality of his own, at all events emotionally. Such an Ambassador was Lord Lyons. Instinctively, he kept himself in perpetual check. He never fell out with the people he was among or the foreign statesmen with whom he had to deal. On the contrary, his normal inclination was to defend, to excuse, to reconcile. When Lord Rosebery, for example, wrote to him a bitter complaint of French animosity, he replied simply denying that there was any animosity as such, and adding the matter-of-fact explanation: "I attribute the difficulties with France more to the inevitable consequences of our coming into contact with the French in all parts of the world than to any ill-will on either side." To Lord Salisbury, who wrote to him a furious despatch declaring that "it is very difficult to prevent oneself from wishing for another Franco-German War to put a stop to this incessant vexation," the Ambassador made much the same reply. Let the Governments settle these difficulties between them, was his advice on another occasion, and the ill-feeling between the two peoples would automatically disappear. Lord Lyons did not live to see his diagnosis confirmed; but our *Entente* with France is an absolute confirmation. In itself, it is just such an adjustment at every point of our world-contact, and with that adjustment has come enduring friendship. From beginning to end, the Ambassador always shows up better than his political superiors at home. They yield inevitably to the passions of the moment. Never is this true of this model diplomat. At times his imperturbability seems inhuman. His despatches occasionally are so amazingly impartial and objective as almost to suggest a being from another planet taking a hand in the most exciting human affairs. His inveterate tendency was ever against precipitate action; to resist the temptation, as he once put it to the Foreign Office, "*to do something,*

which always besets one when one is anxious about a matter." In an entertaining personal note that appears as an appendix to this biography, his relative, Mrs. Wilfrid Ward, says that his favorite diplomatic maxim was: "Never do anything to-day that can be put off till to-morrow." His most triumphant application of that maxim was in the famous "Trent" affair, which brought this country and the United States to the verge of war. For six weeks he deliberately sat still without saying a single word on a question over which the whole world around him was buzzing with excitement. His one anxiety then, as ever afterwards, was to spare the Government to which he was accredited any unnecessary humiliation. By his restraint and tact, he made it possible for the United States to display the fairness and good sense that it did, and scored a memorable success for British diplomacy. Afterwards Lord Lyons used to declare, no doubt with justification, that had the submarine telegraph been then in existence, there would certainly have been war. During the whole of his long career, Lord Lyons's despatches are curiously the same—always restrained, dispassionate, clear-sighted, cautious, conscientious, complete. He was in diplomacy what Mr. Arnold Bennett is as a literary artist. Like him, he might have belonged to a Society for the Suppression of Moral Indignation. Like the novelist, too, he kept his attention closely to what people were actually doing and what they were likely to do next. "Throughout the long series (of his despatches)," says his biographer, "there is hardly to be found an unnecessary sentence, or even a redundant epithet; there is a total absence of straining after effect, of exaggeration, of personal animosity or predilection, of any desire to gain his ends by intrigue or trickery."

Lord Lyons had, perhaps, the defect of his qualities. Had he possessed more initiative, or a more glowing imagination—had he, in fact, been a greater man than he was—he might have done something signal, something that might have saved his name from the oblivion from which his biographer has for the moment rescued it. But this is asking too much. Such great men do not occur. And at least it may be said of Lord Lyons that for thirty critical years he preserved the peace. If our present diplomats manage to do as well amid difficulties infinitely more simple and less real, they will deserve well of their countrymen. Realizing that an Ambassador's function is chiefly that of an intermediary, Lord Lyons always played the part of the pacifier. "He never made an enemy, or apparently a mistake," says Lord Newton. An Ambassador need ask no better epitaph.

Lord Newton has managed this biography of his old chief with excellent skill. On the whole he has left the despatches to speak for themselves, merely filling up the gaps with a rapid and pointed summary of events that is altogether admirable. Very rarely, though very positively, does Lord Newton go out of his way to draw conclusions in favor of Tariff "Reform" and Universal Military Service. Of course, these deductions are false reasoning, but so far from being an irritating blemish, they rather add to the fascination of the biography by revealing the positive and human personality of the biographer, himself one of the most independent and brilliant and slighted ornaments of the Unionist Party. To the student of recent history the work will be invaluable for its documentary evidence, much of it entirely new, on the critical relations between England and America during the Civil War, the fall of the Second Empire, and the tension between England and France during the 'seventies and 'eighties. In particular, a full account is given for the first time of Napoleon III.'s attempt before the war to arrange a mutual diminution of armaments with Bismarck. The attempt failed, first, because Bismarck was what he was and meant what he meant; and, secondly, because France was determined at all costs to prevent the unification of Germany. To the general reader the biography will appeal partly as an actual and contemporary account of our foreign affairs as they occurred and were managed during most of the last half of the nineteenth century, and partly as the self-revelation of a paragon among Ambassadors—a paragon of tact, caution, clear-thinking, and robust common-sense. The general reader, too, will come away with one firmly fixed impression. He will realize that history is not catastrophic nor half as dramatic as the historian makes it out to be. He will find this alto-

gether admirable Ambassador prophesying the American Civil War well beforehand, and when it comes about, foreseeing the inevitable difficulties that will arise with England; prophesying, from the moment that he arrives in Paris, both the coming conflict with Prussia and the inevitable downfall of the Empire; prophesying, too, shortly after that war, the difficulties and disputes with England that were to follow, and so on. There are some long-range prophecies in the book, some of them, particularly those of Lord Odo Russell, then our Ambassador at Berlin, quite fantastic, others astonishingly correct. As an example of the latter, Lord Lytton, as far back as 1874, enunciated the present Kaiser's doctrine that Germany's future is on the water. "It seems to me," he wrote, "a perfectly natural and quite inevitable ambition on the part of a Power so strong as Germany not to remain an inland State a moment longer than it can help, but to get to the sea." This is an almost miraculous instance of the bow drawn at a venture and the arrow hitting the bull's eye. Then, too, we have the Russian Ambassador in Paris suggesting in 1873 an Anglo-Russian Convention in Asia, and the construction of an Anglo-Russian railway to India, and—still more astonishing—M. Thiers putting forward in the same year the idea of the Triple Entente. "In his opinion," writes our Ambassador, "the best chance of avoiding a collision between the Powers of Europe would be that England, France, and Russia should come to an understanding . . . in order to avoid events which might imperil the peace of Europe." These ideas are forty years old. No; history is by no means catastrophic.

A DESCRIPTION OF IRELAND.

"The Ireland of To-day." Reprinted with some additions from the "Times." (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

It used to be the delight of the enthusiastic young to quote Emerson at their godparents—to bid those middle-aged and respectable souls fling their consistency from them, as Joseph his cloak into the hand of the harlot, and flee. In the present volume, we see the "Times" flinging away its consistency on the subject of Ireland with a completeness which ought to win the applause of maidens and young men. The "Times" even seems to be rather tickled now by some of the strong things it used to say about Ireland. "Once," it declares, in the present volume, "in the fierce days of long ago, it referred to the latter people as 'the Irish wolf.'" It did, and a great deal worse than that. In "The Ireland of To-day," if it does not appear in a white sheet in its relations with Ireland, it at least substitutes its best smile for the worst scowl of "the fierce days long ago." So gaily, indeed, do some of the chapters acclaim the modern resurrection of Ireland, that the "Times," in an introductory chapter, nervously disowns responsibility for the views expressed by several of the writers. It is a remarkable thing, however, that in a paper so anti-Irish by tradition such views should have been allowed expression at all. Many readers will already have seen and enjoyed a great number of the chapters in the Special Irish Supplement of the "Times," issued on St. Patrick's Day last. The articles in the supplement, with a few omissions, have now been collected into volume form, and a number of chapters which were crowded out of the earlier publication appear in print for the first time in the present book. In the result we have a valuable survey of Ireland—its people, history, art, literature, education, agriculture, industries, manufactures, railways, sports, and social life. It is not to any extent a book of ideas. It is not even an encyclopedic study. It is just a fairly comprehensive description of the general facts of contemporary Irish life.

There are many notable omissions from the book. At the present crisis one feels that a section of the volume might usefully have been devoted to the working of local government in Ireland. Readers of the "Times" would surely like to know how the Irishman has been performing his duties in the rural, urban, and county councils. If he has been doing it ill—but he has not—it would be a telling argument against Home Rule. Similarly, a chapter on the Poor Law would have been welcome in a book with the present title. The Poor Law, it will be remembered, was thrust upon Ireland from Westminster against the recommendations of

an Irish Commission on the subject, which reported on much the same lines as the famous Minority Report. That would have been a fact worth mentioning in the historical chapters of the book. It would have been interesting, too, to learn something about the effect of the Old Age Pensions on the lives of the Irish poor. When one comes to the section on sports and pastimes, again, one feels that the writer might have done more than apologise for not including hurling, the national game of Ireland. The chapters are too obviously written for rich holiday-makers who want to know about motoring, polo, salmon-fishing, and similar methods of killing time, fish, and human beings. Such are some of the faults of omission in the book. The faults of commission, though not so numerous as might have been expected, are still numerous enough and serious enough to call for notice. We pass over the fact that, in the historical section, the writer seems more ready to apply the word "massacre" to the doings of the Irish than to the doings of their despoilers. That is the traditional way of writing Irish history. We rub our eyes, however, when the same writer, after noting how well the United Kingdom has treated Ireland since the famine in regard to land and the Church, goes on to tell us that "it is both foolish and wicked to talk of Protestant ascendancy now," and that "modern Ireland is the creation of English policy." As for the former statement, it will be absolutely correct to talk of Protestant ascendancy so long as Ireland is governed in accordance with a system to which the majority of the people are opposed. The ascendancy has been deprived of some of its patronage, but it still forces its ideal of government on a protesting Ireland. As for modern Ireland being the creation of English policy, it is so only in a bad sense. In so far as modern Ireland has achieved anything noteworthy in regard to Church or land, she is the creation of Irish agitation. She is the creation, in other words, of an Ireland doing her best to govern herself without Home Rule. Self-government, even of this mutilated kind, has accomplished such wonders that it seems reasonably certain that, with real self-government, Ireland's rate of progress would be immensely increased. We have yet another cause of quarrel with the writer of the historical section of this book. He declares that it is an "error" to say that Irish society was ruined by the Union of 1800, and he gives a glowing account of the gay lives of the gentry at the spas of Mallow and Swanlinbar in the early nineteenth century. We may admit that Irish society did not suffer in the years following the Union to the extent to which Irish manufacturers did. But surely the fact that, while there were ninety-eight resident peers in Dublin before the Union, the number had fallen to twelve in 1825, is a sufficiently clear index of the manner in which Irish society, after the Union, ceased to be a splendid national affair, with a capital of its own, and fled either into the country or over the Irish Sea. The absentee rental of Ireland increased from under £3,000,000 in 1804 to above £4,000,000 in 1830; and, though absenteeism existed in the eighteenth century, still we feel that Irish society must have lost some of its populous cheerfulness in the thirty years after the Union, during which, it has been estimated, £105,000,000 of absentee rents crossed from Ireland to Great Britain. The chapter on "Social Life in the Last 100 Years," however, contains much to interest as well as to call for disagreement. It reminds us, for example, of the good relations that existed between Protestant and Catholic in the middle of last century. "Even the Romish priests, before a new policy of social separation was introduced by Cardinal Cullen, were good friends with the Protestant clergy and gentry, and often dined on Sunday with the local squire." Is it not significant that the most sectarian of Irish ecclesiastics was also one of the most anti-national?

In their characterization of the Irish people, the accuracy of the "Times" writers is more difficult to check. Their assurance, for instance, that the traveller in Ireland "will meet with more reminders of Mrs. Conyers, even of Charles Lever, than of J. M. Synge" is a statement with which we will agree or disagree, each according to his own experiences or prejudices. On the whole, we think the "Times" is right. But the question remains whether the Lever vision of Irish life is not just that superficial vision which the hurried traveller catches in passing. No doubt, the presentation of the happy-go-lucky Irishman of the stage was greatly overdone in past years. But the happy-go-lucky Irishman existed. He was, indeed, almost the only Irish-

man that did exist for the observer who never went below the surface of the national character. But there are other shyer and finer types of Irishmen: there are also other fiercer and fouler types; and the dramatists of the Abbey Theatre have done something to put these on the stage. The Abbey writers are more real and truthful than Lever, because they go deeper—because they treat the Irish peasant as an equal member of the human family, not as a fool brought in from outside. On the other hand, there is no harm in reviving the comic side of Irish life, as the author of one of these chapters does in an easy-going study of Irish humor. He brings back to us the mirthful blunderings of the Irishman we used to know so well that we got tired of him, and entertains us with anecdotes such as:—

"A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary, taking the agricultural statistics of a rural district, called at a farmer's house when the occupier was out, and was directed by one of the family, young lad, where he would find him. 'He's out in the paddock wid the ass,' said the boy; 'you'll know father by his straw hat.'

The whiskey joke comes to life again, too, in the story of

"the retort of a thirsty car-driver to his English fare, who had just refreshed him at a roadside public-house. 'Well, has that made another man of you?' said the traveller. 'Faith it has, sir,' replied the jarvey; 'an' he's dry, too.'

Thus the "Times" enjoys itself in the intervals of wrestling with such grave problems as the relations of Ireland and the Empire. In regard to the latter subject, the present book is a little misleading. In its desire to praise the "Anglo-Irish breed," it is too ready with assertions to the effect that "the pure Irish Celt is not—and never was—an Empire-maker." If this means that the "pure Irish Celt," voluntarily or under compulsion of circumstances, abstained from Empire-making, it may pass. If it means that he had not the constructive genius that is at the bottom of Empire-making, the history of medieval Europe disproves it. There were no more adventurous and constructive minds in the Europe of their day than those of St. Gall and St. Columbanus, who did so much to restore not only religion, but the arts in Europe. True, the Empire of the Irish was an Empire not of conquest but of peaceful penetration. But surely it at least survives in history as a flaming contradiction of what is implied in the Broadbentian sentence: "The Anglo-Irish intellect is practical and constructive—these qualities derive from the English strain." In the chapter on Ireland and the Empire, by the way, the "Times" pays a curious compliment to its old enemies, the Fenians. "Ireland," it tells us, "paid her full tribute to the dubious beginnings of Australian society. She sent both good and bad, and among the good were many of the political exiles of the Fenian and pre-Fenian times." Perhaps, in fifty years' time, the "Times" will be glowing with the same enthusiasm for Mr. Redmond in a special supplement dealing with men who have built the Empire. Nothing is more remarkable in the book than the tenderness which one of the writers, almost in spite of himself, shows for the ideals of the Gaelic League. He becomes quite eloquent about the revival of Irish:—

"All things are possible to those who believe. But if not, if the language is doomed to perish, it is something to have stayed, even for an hour, the hand of Time, who gathers to himself in due season every ancient civilization, and silences, one by one, all the tongues that are spoken upon earth."

The writer of this chapter incidentally commits a slight error by implication when he says that the Anglo-Irishman "does not want to call himself Mac an t-Saoir instead of Smith." MacInteer is the Irish not for Smith but for Carpenter. The Irish for Smith is McGowan.

To some people, we imagine, the most interesting part of this book will be, not the chapters relating to the new movements, but those concerning Ireland's surprisingly great and good manufactures and industries. Many will now learn, for the first time, that the famous craft of lacemaking was only introduced into Ireland at the time of the Famine, and that, according to tradition, "the art of knitting was introduced by shipwrecked sailors from the Spanish Armada." The "Times" glorification of the Irish national trademark, which, by the way, Belfast firm was the first to apply for and use, comes as a pleasant surprise. The same writer goes on to tell us that "Ireland pays something like £70,000 a day for articles which she ought not only to be making for herself, but making on such a scale as to have an export

instead of an import trade in them." Only a few years ago, this sort of writing would have been frowned upon by the "Times" as the purest Sinn Féin. But—outside the hours of party business—we are all Nationalists nowadays.

PATER.

"Walter Pater: A Critical Study." By EDWARD THOMAS. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

PERHAPS of all the later Victorian men of letters whose reputation has been both enhanced and modified, Pater is the most conspicuous example. He is no longer a hierarch in aesthetics; he is not even an acolyte. He has simply, to use a vulgarism, "dropped out of the running." There must be some reason for this loss of fame, and it is surely the business of his critic to account for it. But Mr. Thomas, in spite of his critical insight, has not really discovered a formula to indicate what precisely Pater meant to art and his contemporaries, and what he means to us. The truth is that he does not seem to have made up his mind whether to admire or deprecate his subject. He is certainly under no illusion as to Pater's limitations; but, on the other hand, he can declare that the style "stands on foundations above the tides of time," and that the philosophy "is designed for those who would attain a beautiful and various life by self-conscious effort at as many points as possible." This, surely, is an interpretation that implies a catholic, an universal, element in Pater's work. But the essence of Pater is his specialized attitude towards life, or rather towards art. And the attitude is the man as well as the style. His mind, as pictured by many critics, was a sacerdotal one, directed not upon religion but art. But his fastidious and contemplative vision robs the term of much of its significance. For he regarded the shrine of art, not with the soul, but with the eyes, of the priest, as a comely spectacle rather than as inspiration. The manifestations of art were to him "fortunate for the eye," and the phrase and its application throughout his work show him to be incapable of visualizing them further. Professor Dowden's estimate is a just one—"If Pater is a seeker for truth, he must seek for it with the eye . . . and if truth comes to him in any other way, he must project the truth into color and form." Mr. Thomas gives the proper emphasis to this tyranny of the eye, but does not recognize it as the key to Pater's artistic and intellectual point of view. Yet it explains why things were "faint," "pure," "clear," "dreamy," "strange," "gracious," fugitive, and concrete to him; why the art of Greece, of the Rome of Marcus Aurelius, of the Middle Ages, of the Renaissance, and of his own era, carried no separable distinctions to his mind, but passed before him like a cinematograph; why his achievement is touched by a peculiar chillness of atmosphere; why any period, idea, or personality that he embodies does not vitally represent either Pater or themselves, but are a projection of his predilections about art. He looked at things with the eye—that is to say, pictorially, and from the outside. He did not live in his art, but hung it on the line, as a gallery of rare and choice pictures, meet only for refined sensationalism. And he scrutinized them not with love, but with that sense of selection and curiosity which are his cardinal virtues.

If these, therefore, are the qualities of his intellectual outlook, what are we to think of his style? Was there ever a more romantic contrast? He saw art (life does not come into the matter at all) through a coloring, half "a delicate rose" and half "a white light," but his treatment of it through the medium of style betrays a really gaudy blend of colors. Mr. Thomas says that it aimed at a "hard purity and dignity," and again, "at a naked perfection, disengaged from all clothes, color, and even flesh." He applies Pater's conception of the concrete and the "pure" to the evidence of his style. But such criticism is absurdly wayward. It is impossible to correlate his philosophy and his style so intimately. His philosophy is not the complement but the antithesis of his style. Pater's style is, in fact, a crazy Gothic. It is true that he idealized form in writing, but that was not because he wrote classical English by instinct or inclination, but because "matter" with him was realized so faintly and remotely that he was thrown back for his effects upon the word as such. Pater was pre-occupied with words as words, and not as symbols or vehicles of

thought: The procession of words was a ritual to him, a tapestry wrought with curious dyes and devices. Like Morris, he wrote "patterned" language, but he overdid it. It may be prejudice, but some portions of Pater seem to us to have an affinity with Euphues, which, as somebody said, is the worst book in the English tongue. Certainly Pater's clauses, his parentheses, his circumlocution, his irrelevancies, his lack of a sense of construction, his masses of detail, affect us in the same kind of way as does Euphues. It is a lazy style, all ornament and vagueness. And it seems to us to be the wrong kind of medium for the eclectic in art. It assuredly does not "stand on foundations above the tides of time." Its influence was and deserves to be ephemeral.

THE POET TO-DAY.

"The Daffodil Fields." By JOHN MASEFIELD. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

It would be interesting to contrast it with "Enoch Arden"; for the story is of something the same kind, and it deals with people of much the same class of life. It is a story of one woman loved and mated by two men, and the man who was first loved stays long over seas and then returns to find the woman married. The idea is something the same as in Tennyson's idyll, and if one were to trace out the difference both in the tale and the treatment, one could reveal in what ways the currents of poetry have changed in fifty years. But what most readers will discuss is not the tale and treatment, but the separate questions whether a good man is capable of the act of treachery that closes the poem; and if so, whether it is more probable in him than in a man who is not thought so good.

Lion Oocleve is no fool, but still everyone would call him a good man. He is thus introduced:—

"A wall-built, clever man, unduly grave,
One whose repose already travelled wide
For skill in breeding beasts. His features gave
Promise of brilliant mind, far-seeing, brave,
One who would travel far."

He is in love, tenderly and genuinely in love, with the woman, Mary Keir, who persistently refuses him through her love for Michael Gray. But Michael was not the man that people call good, and promising to return to her in three years, he goes off to the River Plate, takes up with the common cowboy life, drinks, lives with a sensual half-breed woman, and seldom gives a thought to the girl wasting "like an unlit coal" among the farms and daffodil fields of Shropshire. After a while, Lion is commissioned to take out a bull of his own breeding to South America, and when the business is done he goes on to visit Michael and urge him to return. Michael laughs at the thought, and Lion returns alone, renews his wooing, and, after long delay, induces the girl to marry him. Stung to jealousy by the announcement of the marriage in a paper, Michael throws up the ranch, the half-breed woman, and all, works his passage home as a stoker, makes straight for the farm, and at once Mary quits her husband's house and follows him. There is delay, much coming and going. Lion is a good man, forbearing, slow to rage. But at last the two meet alone, and Lion's heart is kindled. They fight with stake and pruning-hook, and each deals a fatal blow. Then as they lie dying among the daffodils, they hear the brook, and Lion asks for water; while Michael crawls to the bank to bring water in his hat, Lion prepares the knife. Then Michael crawled towards him; both were dying:—

"He tilted up the hat, and Lion drank,
Lion lay still a moment, gathering power,
Then rose, as Michael gave him more, and sank.
Then like a dying bird whom death makes tower,
He raised himself above the bloodied flower
And struck with all his force in Michael's side.
'You should not have done that,' his stricken comrade cried."

No: we all agree that he should not have done it. The question is whether a sober, affectionate, and sensitive man would have done it, and whether he is more likely to do it than a man who is not so sober, more passionate, less pitying. When the good man "falls," is his fall more hideous because more unaccustomed? Is evil stored up, as it were, till the moment of explosion? Is there a certain unreality about the "model" man which drives him to actions more terrible

than anything the ordinary man would conceive? Could "the corruption of the best" rot so far and so soon? Do these "quiet thinking fellows" not only "lose control," as Michael says, but lose all sense of mercy and honor? It is an awful thought for those of us who are quiet thinking fellows, and it should be an awful thought for our enemies too! As for the present reviewer, though he also is a quiet thinking fellow, he could only say with Androcles when he refused a sword to fight with the gladiators: "No, thank you; I could not hate anyone enough for that. I should rather be thrown to the lions with the ladies!"

That, no doubt, will be the point of controversy among readers, and many explanations will be found. But it is not the only point; perhaps the poet did not intend it to be the chief point in the tragedy. The tragedy itself is the chief point—the entanglement of three fine souls in the net of love's doom. It all comes about through the uncalculating, unreasoning, transcendent, and inexplicable love of a woman for the man whom common opinion would infallibly call "unworthy of her"; and the strangest part of it all is that all the world, in spite of common opinion, will infallibly stand on her side.

The poem is not quite so impassioned, so "inspired," as the "Everlasting Mercy," "The Widow in the Bye Street," or even "Dauber," we think, all of which are so admirable, the "Widow" standing highest. But it is told with the poet's peculiar introduction of passion and beauty into common things. In the midst of beauty his modernism is quite fearless. "Oh, I must telegraph to tell him this," cries the girl when her lover's father is dying; and when they part at the village station, we read:—

"Then the flag waved, the engine snorted, then
Slowly the couplings tautened, and the train
Moved, bearing off from her her man of men;
She looked towards its going, blind with pain.
Her father turned and drove her home again.
It was a different home. Awhile she tried
To cook the dinner there, but flung her down and cried."

That is perfectly right; we all know the passion of the scene. It is such passages—such passages and the choice of themes—that made us once compare the poet in these narrative poems with Crabbe, but with Crabbe "raised to the power of infinity," if we may borrow from mathematics. The method has its obvious dangers. It is often within an ace of falling into the gulf, and it sometimes falls. There are some lines one would like to alter. In South America, for instance, Lion says to his rival:—

"I shall be back in England six weeks hence,
Standing with your poor Mary face to face;
Far from a pleasant moment, but intense."

"Intense?" No, not from a stockbreeder, however virtuous! And again: on reaching the married home, Michael stands watching:—

"He saw the dining-room; he could not tell
If Mary were within; only he knew
That she was coming now, that she would be in blue,
Blue, with a silver locket at the throat."

He knew only that she would be in blue? We cannot quite say why that is all wrong, but we know it only. If only the librarians, instead of fooling about with the young person, would set themselves to warn poets of little dangers like these, how much happier they and the novelists and the poets would be! Especially as the poets need never take their advice, and never would.

RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES IN FRANCE.

"France To-day: Its Religious Orientation." By PAUL SABATIER. (Dent. 6s. net.)

THE temperamental optimism which makes M. Sabatier's personality so inspiring discounts the objectivity of his judgment on questions which touch his sympathies. A man of profoundly spiritual temper, the religious future of his country is dear to him; and he believes this to be bound up with Catholicism: therefore, he sees Catholicism through a mist of feeling rather than in a dry light. When "L'Orientation religieuse de la France actuelle" was first published, it was suggested that a misprint had slipped into the title-page, and that "désorientation" was the word intended. The pleasantries embodies a fair comment on the writer's point of view. He distinguishes indeed: "the

ecclesiastical restoration of France must not be confused with its religious situation; nay, more than this, the one is almost the antithesis of the other." It is so. But the distinction is one which neither Catholicism nor Catholics will admit.

He sees that the nation is untouched by the "Bondieu-series"—to use the word in a large sense—of modern Romanism, its medieval dogma, its papalism, its miracle-mongering: "the incapacity of the Church of Rome to speak to France 'after her heart' is one of the circumstances which have most affected the religious orientation of our time." He sees also the aridity of anti-clericalism; and thinks, we believe rightly, that, in its more militant forms, it is on the decline. Perhaps, in assigning ideal motives for this decline, he takes the part for the whole cause. Such motives exist; but they are supplemented by others of a more material order. In France, and generally in Europe, the Liberalism which concentrated itself in an attack on the Churches is at a discount, because the masses find themselves none the better for it; the confiscated revenues have not come their way. The average elector, therefore, fastens on the concrete and tangible; the rest leaves him unmoved. Among the people Catholicism has to contend less with hostility than with sheer indifference; it has ceased to count.

M. Sabatier is on less certain ground, not indeed in what he states but in what he infers, when he continues:—

"The weakness of anti-clericalism springs in part also from its having learned to look at facts through certain too-simplistic books, which makes it incapable of observing at first hand. When, for instance, it sees its fellow-citizens going to Mass, it supposes that this betokens an adhesion to the Trinity, Infallibility, and a thousand doctrines of which they do not dream. It does not perceive other factors and forces, so much more important as they are delicate and concealed: the perhaps unconscious desire to perform an act of social solidarity, to meet our fellow-men elsewhere than on the field of material interests and distractions, to accept the rendezvous which they offer to us, and we to them, that we may draw together, and more than that—unite and unify."

So spoke Faust to Margaret. But this is a long way both from the catechism and from the decrees of Trent. Some such attitude is probably, as a matter of fact, that of many instinctive persons in times of transition; and it is possible that it may be adopted more consciously by a few mystical souls. But it is more than doubtful whether, even for them, it can be permanent; and it is certain that it is not, and cannot be, recognized as Catholic by the Church. And this, given the Catholic hypothesis, is decisive; there is no more to be said. Sainte-Beuve criticises "*le côté faible, le côté non soutenable de Jansénisme, qui consiste à se prétendre catholique romain mordicus, comme on dit, et malgré Rome.* Si c'était par habilité, par tactique politique (he adds), je le concevrais encore; mais je crains pour eux, c'était conviction entêtée: en ce cas, qu'on me passe le mot: *C'est bête!*" The words are decisive of the claims, not only of Jansenism, but of much of the modernism of our own day.

Dogma, miracle, and hierarchy are the essential "notes" of Catholicism. An undogmatic, non-miraculous, and non-sacerdotal religion may have every merit under the sun; but to describe it as Catholic is to use words without meaning. Huxley used to ask: What would become of things if they lost their qualities? Here is a concrete instance. Thus emptied of its content, Catholicism, or rather the shadow of it that would be left, would cease to attract those for whom it has now an attraction—who, with few exceptions, are drawn to it on its lower, not on its higher side; and it would fail to gather in those outside, who find what they require in the Reformed Churches, and have no mind either for formula which has lost its obvious meaning, or for ceremonial whose historical substance has fallen away. Who will confess to a priest unless he thinks priestly absolution a condition of pardon, or attend Mass without belief in the miracle of the altar? The sceptic will discard observance which has a meaning only for believers; and a simpler faith will find expression in simpler forms.

M. Sabatier points out, truly, that Protestantism, as we know it, appears to have no future in France. But Catholicism, when history and criticism have done their work upon it, comes out something not easily distinguishable from Protestantism. *Majus et minus non mutant speciem:* a little more ceremonial, a little more symbolism, a more historic background, affect the substance of religion less than the form. The mentality of the "Sillon" is on the increase.

There could be no happier or more hopeful sign. But the hostility of Rome to the "Sillon," and to all that the "Sillon" represents, shows no sign of abating. The gulf between the two becomes wider; and the bishops are mere instruments in the hands of Rome. Two things are probable: that the Sillonists will be driven further than they know or intend; and that it is on Sillonist lines that the *patrie des âmes*, for which the wisest and best men in France are working, will eventually be formed.

TWO CLEVER NOVELS.

"*Miss Nobody.*" By ETHEL CARNIE. (Methuen. 6s.)

"*The Two Kisses.*" By OLIVER ONIONS. (Methuen. 6s.)

WHAT a relief to turn our backs for a while upon the familiar gods of middle-class worship with their prosperous altars and comfortable ritual, and find ourselves among working-class people, for whom hard necessity has widened their sympathies, braced their sense of humor, and endowed them with sharp perception and first-hand valuations of life! Or what a relief, we should rather say, it is to see working-class life drawn racy by a girl who describes its actualities and humors, quite simply, without a touch of falsity, self-consciousness, or class-feeling! Miss Carnie would probably be the last person to believe that "*Miss Nobody*" is satisfactory as a novel. It is in various respects an artless book, and its very artlessness is what secounds its spontaneity. For, though the story is rambling, and the string of digressions leaves it structureless, the author's instinct does not fail her, and even the improbable finish seems natural in Miss Carnie's quick-fingered hands.

The heroine, Carrie Brown, a plucky, sensible girl, who is possessed of good looks, plenty of grit, and a warm heart, leaves her little oyster shop in a Manchester slum to visit a married sister at Greenmeads, and while rolling down a hill with "the kids," she has sharp words with Farmer Robert Gibson, "a short, ruddy man, with dark eyes and a red rose in his button-hole." Robert is "a bit romantic," and his cautious sister, Sarah, "a born manager," wishes to get him settled satisfactorily with Elsie Thomas, "a fine, strapping girl, with plenty o' common-sense and money"; but Robert, who has fallen in love at sight with the young woman who rolled down his hill, tartly declares, "Elsie has a voice like a rusty kettle kicked round the lanes by brass-nosed clogs, and a skin like a nutmeg-grater." And even Sarah's rejoinder, "Elsie nursed her grandmother when no one else could bide near her for the smell; and the way she brought up that suckin'-pig when the sow died was a picture," fails to move him. So one morning, Robert, who has learned that Carrie has gone back to her oyster shop, puts on his best clothes and follows her to Manchester, where he offers her marriage. Carrie looks him over carefully, weighs everything up, reflects that "she is no chicken," and that it is the best offer she has ever had, and decides to close with the bargain. "He isn't a bad working partner; and he's rather nice—" is her reflection, some weeks later, as she walks back to the farm with him, after the marriage ceremony at Greenmead Church. And Carrie's life with the devoted Robert would certainly have been a happy one if the jealous Sarah had not been always at hand to spoil it. Miss Carnie has drawn very well Robert's masculine blindness in refusing to grasp that from the first day there is war between the two women. In a deft sentence or two she reveals all the suffering of the older woman at this "unknown woman" coming between Robert and her. On the wedding night, "Sarah heard them coming up and pass her door. Under the quilt her face was wet with bitter tears. For the first time for years she had gone to bed without locking up, and she felt as a queen deposed." It is by such unerring, homely little touches that the author's picture always carries conviction in its breezy naturalness. We have no space in which to detail how the proud and independent Carrie is made to feel more and more an unwelcome, intruding outsider, and how Robert does not grasp that his stupidity is largely to blame. But the day comes when Carrie decides to leave the farm for good, and take up her work again. She leaves a succinct message to her astounded husband, written in white chalk on the boards of the pigsty: "I was a stranger, and ye took me not in"; and Robert, equally proud, is left longing for her return and brooding over his memories.

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The next hundred pages, though embodying digressions that have not much to do with the "story," are the most significant in the novel. In an artless, almost unconscious manner, they draw aside the curtain that the middle-class keeps between itself and the life of "sweated industries." Carrie, bereft of her oyster shop, has to take what work she can get, and without "experience," she gravitates into the ranks of the poorest factory hands, the shirt-makers, the flax-mill workers, the Christmas card makers. Quite casually Miss Carnie lets us into what "a strike" means to "a flax-mill girl struggling along on a wretched ten shillings per week, with the monotony only broken by an occasional strike, full of hunger, fierce emotions, dogged sufferings." Her picture is of rare value, because, quite sketchy as it is, it recreates the actual atmosphere of the grind, the weary struggle, the waste of human life, without a trace of exaggeration or sentimentality. And Carrie, who is not of the life, though dragged into it for the nonce, tells us just enough, in her gay, unreserved, defiant style, to drive home to comfortable folks that our system of "sweated industries" is a sort of rat-trap from which there is no escape for all who are driven into it. It will continue to hold its millions of victims till the cage itself is destroyed. "Is it pulling them down as is up?" asks Carrie of the Socialistic driver of a van, who gives her a lift. "No, it's only makin' 'em get off those who are down," he answers. And with this terse saying we must leave "Miss Nobody" to the consideration of our readers.

Mr. Oliver Onions must have vastly enjoyed himself in writing his satirical novel "The Two Kisses." In it he has taken a neat, almost too malicious, revenge on that protean person, the New Woman, and in the character of Miss Amory Towers, a "fetchingly pretty" art student, he has gibbeted a whole tribe of feminine triflers. But Mr. Onions is much too experienced not to deal out even-handed justice to the modern woman, and to get his picture in perspective he has placed his heroine against a background of commercial enterprise. Those universal providers, Messrs. Halliwell & Smith, have not yet added to their mammoth business the "Fashion Studio," where Amory's friend, Miss Dorothy Lennard, "squares up" and finishes the design of the Tea Gown or the Walking Costume, but the story, throughout, rings with the chatter of Messrs. Halliwell's employees. Now we are shown the lady interviewers who write up "the Halliwell touch," and now the heads of departments who engineer Halliwell's famous "Wedding Week"; but the astute Mr. Onions, a Napoleon surveying his battlefield, has seen that Miss Amory Towers, in every fibre of her fluffy little soul, is a by-product of commercialism, and all her advanced ideas and aesthetic culture have been bought like shop-soiled goods, over the counter. An appalling little creature she is, with her shallow prattle of the Higher Life, Eugenics, Nietzsche, &c.; but does not Mr. Onions make too great a fool of the excellent young man, Cosimo, who thrills to her lofty falsity? Cosimo is touchingly in love with his lady, from whose studio in Cheyne Walk at last issues "Barrage," the great symbolic picture of Woman's Enfranchisement from male tyranny. This canvas, "Barrage," written up by the well-known art critic, Mr. Hamilton Dix, in connection with Crozier's Art Gallery, is bought by the Manumission League, and exhibited all over England in connection with the "White Slavery" flare. But Miss Amory Towers reaps only eternal fame as her portion. Bad Mr. Onions has, as it were, crammed his trusty muzzle-loader with a handful of small shot, and firing into "the brown," has brought down a whole crowd of Progressives, fluttering broken-winged. It is great fun, this satiric *jeu d'esprit*, and the fulness of the picture of Chelsea "Bohemianism," and of the activities of Messrs. Halliwell & Smith, is simply amazing.

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"William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland: His Early Life and Times (1721-1748)." By the Hon. EVAN CHARTERIS. (Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.)

To whitewash "the Butcher of Culloden" is an ungrateful task, and if Mr. Charteris has not quite essayed to do this, his attempt "to induce some reconsideration of the

portrait of him which tradition has handed down for our acceptance," though successful up to a point, still leaves Cumberland burdened with a good deal of odium. Mr. Charteris is chiefly concerned to show that the Rebellion of 1745 has hitherto been usually approached from the Jacobite side, and that Cumberland was more the agent of a cruel policy than its instigator. Admitting that there is force in both these contentions, there is, however, evidence against Cumberland which it is impossible to palliate. He may have dealt with his enemies "according to the canons of his age," but even those canons would hardly justify the spirit which dictated his despatch to Newcastle in reference to the garrison which surrendered to him in his first campaign against the rebels. "I wish I could have bled the soldiers with these villains," he wrote, adding that his reason for refraining from slaughter was solely to save the lives of his own troops, and expressing a hope that the prisoners would meet with no sort of mercy from the King. Apart from the question of Cumberland's character, Mr. Charteris's book is a useful addition to historical biography. It covers the first twenty-seven years of Cumberland's life, and gives a good account of his Continental campaigns. Mr. Charteris lays stress on Cumberland's capacity as an administrator, and his gift of heartening his men and inspiring them with confidence. An unnoticed side of Cumberland's temperament is seen in a quotation from John Wesley's "Journal" in which we find Wesley recording his surprise at finding in the Duke's quarters "many of the books not only religious, but admirably well-chosen." Personal bravery is a quality that cannot be denied to Cumberland, but his cruelty showed itself in the handling of his own troops as well as in his treatment of enemies, and Horace Walpole tells a story of his refusal to ratify the sentence of a court-martial until the number of lashes to be inflicted on a soldier who had outstayed his furlough was increased. Most people who read the book will believe that, in spite of Mr. Charteris's advocacy, the Duke of Cumberland deserves his reputation for brutality.

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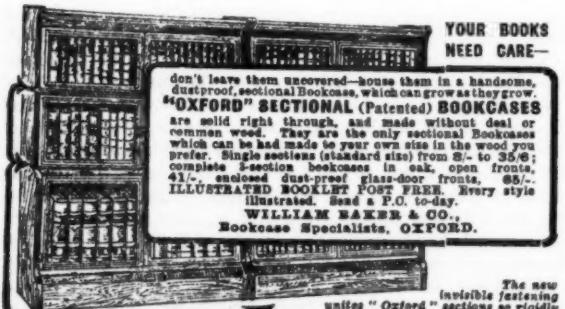
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* * *

"The Meaning of Art." By PAUL GAULTIER. Translated from the French by H. and E. BALDWIN. (Allen. 5s. net.)

M. GAULTIER states in his preface that he breaks off "all connection with intellectualism, which sees in art only an imitation of Nature, or the revelation of a supersensible ideal, without falling, however, into an impressionism or a purely individual subjectivism, as has happened to those rare philosophers . . . who have noticed that art is, in its nature, not an affair of the understanding." He considers his subject from "the strictly emotional point of view." This will indicate the character of his philosophy. He arranges his subject in four chapters: "What is Art?" "What a Work of Art Teaches," "The Morality of Art," "The Social Rôle of Art"; and concludes with a suggestive essay on "The Criticism of Art," indicating the qualities that go to make the perfect critic. To his first question, "What is Art?" he replies, one might almost say, by asking another—"What is Beauty?" And his answer to this, that beauty is "aesthetic emotion objectivised," is the answer to the original query. A good many cobwebs are cleared away by M. Gaultier from the thought pertaining to the functions of art, including the theory of Tolstoy and others that art is useless except as a means of propaganda. Other writers have covered the ground of this book so thoroughly that it would be difficult to select any one of M. Gaultier's ideas as being definitely original. One may, however, cite the chapter on "The Morality of Art" as a wonderfully clear exposition of the thesis that art is essentially non-moral in itself, while it is capable of producing both moral and immoral effects. The volume—a most difficult one to translate—has been handled with skill and a *flair* for subtleties of expression. One should add that it was crowned by the French Academy.

"Picturesque Nepal." By PERCY BROWN. (Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume stands out from the rank and file of modern travel books on India. Its author, who holds a high position in the Art Department of the Indian Educational Service, visited the cities and hamlets of the Valley of Nepal, the heart, and really the one civilized portion, of this "independent" State, and has compiled a fascinating and sympathetic record of their features and treasures. In the long history of Nepal certain salient facts are necessary to digest if one is going to appreciate properly the nature of its art and institutions. Most important of all, perhaps, was its almost complete immunity from the Mohammedan influence that swept over India, uprooted Buddhism, and literally changed the face of the peninsula by the iconoclastic zeal of its followers. Hence, Nepal is essentially the country in which to study Indian Buddhist art, and the wealth of her monuments may perhaps be realized from the simple statement that, within the area of the Valley alone, there are 2,733 shrines. But while unaffected by Mohammedanism, Nepal has wavered between Buddhism and Brahmanism, and her architecture and kindred arts reflect a blending of, or a compromise between, the two creeds. Mr. Brown gives a lucid and picturesque account of the art-craftsmanship of Nepal, shows how the fusion between Brahman and Buddhist tenets was effected, and how, from time to time, communication with China and Japan brought its inevitable modifying influences. Racially, Nepal is a land of several peoples and tongues. Until 1768, the Newars were the dominant race; in that year the Gurkhas conquered the territory, and to-day are its rulers under British protection. It is to the Newars, however, that Nepal owed and owes her art, the ruling people caring for little beyond military adventure. There is not a dull line in this collection of facts and personal impressions, and the photographic illustrations are consistently strong and interesting.

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ment that the super-Dreadnought which Armstrong's have finished for Brazil is now for sale shows which way the wind is blowing. The Brazilian crisis is due partly to a fall in the price of coffee, and partly to the huge drop in rubber values, which bids fair to ruin the principal industry of Northern Brazil. The Brazilian rubber, "Hard Para," as it is called, is indeed at a premium, as compared with plantation rubber; but the cost of extracting this wild rubber from the forest and collecting it at ports on the Amazon is very much greater than the cost of producing plantation rubber in Malay. Meanwhile, Mexican investors have been again upset by President Huerta's coup d'état. The news from China and Japan is a little more reassuring; but it is impossible to regard the financial horizon with equanimity. The market has begun to anticipate a 6 per cent. Bank rate as something like a certainty before we are through the autumn. No wonder there is stagnation on the Stock Exchange, and that investors are hanging back. The new loan of Vancouver (the growing capital of British Columbia), yielding about 4½ per cent., was left mainly on the underwriters' hands, and now stands at a discount. Other first-class Colonial issues are in a similar plight; and although I believe there are very large funds waiting investment, it is obvious that the investor will not easily be tempted into what he regards, perhaps correctly, as a falling market. The London underwriters have wisely refused to undertake any new issues for the present. The Balkan is producing in Continental Europe even worse financial results than the Boer War produced in England.

THE PAST ACCOUNT.

The account which closed on Wednesday last did not prove, by any means, an exception to the proverbial rule that a nineteen-day account is always a dull one; for the differences in every market were against holders—in many instances, badly so. It is somewhat of a coincidence that an all-round slump should have occurred almost on the anniversary of the decline caused by the outbreak in the Balkans. October 12th of last year, it may be recalled, was the blackest day for many years on the London Stock Exchange; but, fortunately, it fell nearer the beginning than the end of the account, so that prices had time to react somewhat after the slump, and those who were heavily hit had time to make their arrangements. The slump during the past account has been due mainly to nervousness regarding the monetary outlook generally, to the gravity of the Brazilian commercial crisis, and the turn for the worse which Mexican politics have taken, helped by a slump in American securities, due to a speculator having got beyond his depth. The declines have been greatest in speculative stocks; but many investment securities have suffered, as may be seen from the following comparison of making-up prices:—

	Rise	Present	
	Sept. 24.	Oct. 15.	Yield.
		or Fall.	£ s. d.
Argentine 5 per cent., 1886-7...	102½	102½	4 15 0
Brazil 4 per cent., 1889 ...	83	77½	5 3 0
Chinese 5 per cent., 1896 ...	101½	98½ xd	5 2 6
Japanese 4½ per cent., 1905 ...	92	90½	5 9 3
Mexican 6 per cent., 1899 ...	94½	89½	5 0 0
Russian 5 per cent., 1906 ...	104½	103½	4 17 0
Turkiab Unified ...	86	85½	4 13 3
Great Western Ord. ...	115	113	5 7 9
London & N. Western Ord. ...	130½	128	5 8 6
Midland Def. ...	72½	70½	5 19 0
Aitchison Common ...	98	95½	6 5 0
Canadian Pacific ...	240½	236	4 6 9
Buenos Ayres Gt. Southern ...	117½	116½	5 19 6
B.A. Western ...	119½	117½	5 17 3
Central Argentine Ord. ...	105½	104½	5 14 3
Mexican First Pref. ...	134½	133½	6 1 0
Brazil Common ...	51½	48	nil.
United of Havana ...	88½	87½	5 12 6

The most noticeable fall is that in Brazilian Bonds. It is announced that conditions are so bad in the States of Para and Amazonas that a 150-days moratorium has been ordered, and it is rumored that even if Brazil does not default in her interest payments, it is highly probable that sinking fund obligations may be suspended. Brazil railway securities were very weak during the account, but Paris bankers have managed to put up more money, and saved the situation for the time at least. Mexican stocks generally slumped on the action of General Huerta, but the weakness of the Vera Cruz railway issues, immediately the settlement was concluded, was looked upon as a precursor of the bad dividend announcement of the following day. Even Home Rails, where there is very little speculation, have been lowered two points or more, and the leading stocks return about 5½ per cent. on the money. Investors who are on the look-out for bargains may ask themselves whether prices may not go lower, and, of course, if anything occurs to necessitate a higher Bank rate, it is possible they may. But the level of yields on really sound investment stocks is above the normal, and the buyer of sound securities at present prices is hardly likely to regret his purchases after the lapse of a year or so.

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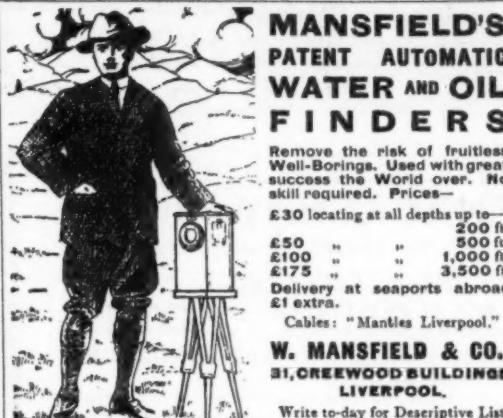
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